

December, 1937

The Liguorian



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1938 CALENDARS 1938

THE LIGUORIAN will celebrate the silver jubilee of its origin next year. For almost 25 years it has been providing inspirational Catholic reading matter to a clientele most of which has been with it from the beginning.

We ask these old friends to make some new friends for it during the present Christmas season. A gift subscription is inexpensive yet worthwhile and lasting; we shall send a Christmas card in the Christmas issue in the name of the donor to those offered this gift. Others who cannot give subscriptions, might speak of THE LIGUORIAN to others or show them a copy; just to be shown a copy will be deemed a worthy gift by many people.

To add to the foregoing a Christmas wish to all our readers seems like one of those hackneyed commercial stunts that is merely a plea for business. In our case it is not, because we are saying "Merry Christmas" in the form of a prayer: and the prayer asks for happiness for every single one of our readers, whether it means any business for us or not. Merry Christmas!

The Liguorian

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Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth*

*According to the Spirit of St.
of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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No. 12

HAVEN

A stable is thy housing
A manger is thy bed;
The angels brought thee shepherds
And sheep the shepherds led.

I kneel amid the shepherds
Their joyous lot I share
They are too poor to notice
A sinner kneeling there.

I kneel amid the lambkins
They have not soul nor sin;
They will not mind my presence
Nor bar my entering in.

I'm weary of the wandering
I'm weary of the inns,
Where I have sought for comfort
And found — that pain begins.

The warmth the world can offer
Is coldness in disguise
The cold of thy poor stable
Is warmth from Paradise.

I kneel amid the shepherds,
I kneel amid the sheep —
Thy stable's shelter let me
Forever — ever keep.

— D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM

C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.

CHRISTMAS Eve! Snow lies deep about St. Mary's Church — clean, newly-fallen snow, as yet unstained by the soot and dirt of a modern city, like the soul of a baptized child before the first breath of sin sullies its purity. Every house has its garlands, every shop-window its Christmas dressing, and busy hands are putting the final artistic touches to the community Christmas tree. It is just the kind of Christmas Eve that would delight the heart of Father Timothy Casey. But, for once in his long years of service as Pastor of St. Mary's, he is not there to enjoy it.

This year he is spending Christmas Eve, in company with his young friend, Lawrence Dwyer, trudging along a hot road that winds through green fields and far-reaching olive groves and where neither holly nor mistletoe nor snow-covered roofs nor gaily-decked windows herald the opening of the festive season.

"Doesn't look much like Christmas Eve, does it, Father Tim?" murmured his companion.

"But, Larry, it *is* Christmas Eve. The first we have ever experienced. Every other was only an imitation. We are following the very road traversed by Jesus and Mary on that blessed December day before the night that Christ was born."

"And with misplaced pity, we imagined the new-born Infant shivering on his bed of straw," commented Dwyer mopping his sweaty brow.

"Wait until the sun sets behind those limestone hills, and you will think differently. This clear, rare air, which permits the sun to beat down so strongly on our heads also allows the heat to radiate quickly and give place to piercing cold, as you will soon realize. Remember Christ was born at midnight. The holy travellers were warm enough themselves at this stage of their journey, if the sky was as clear as today. But dear thoughtful, careful Joseph knew the chill the night would bring. That is why he made such desperate efforts to find a place in the inn. — But let us do what they surely did before passing the crest of this hill." And he stopped and turned back for a last look at the Holy City.

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"How different was the sight that met their eyes," mused Dwyer. "For that was before 'the city of perfect beauty, the joy of the whole earth' had crucified its King and the Romans had come and destroyed its temple and levelled its walls and left not a stone upon a stone. I wonder whether Mary foresaw and thought of that sad event as she stood here and looked back on the proud walls and glittering temple of Jerusalem. She was of the noble house that once ruled from that royal city, and she must have loved it with an intense love."

"Come," the priest commanded, "and I will show you what Mary was thinking of, what was singing in her heart and filling her mind so that she had place for no other thought." He seized his companion's arm and hurried him forward to the point where Mar Elias, a monastery of schismatic Greek monks, tops the hill.

THE moment they reached the crest, a lovely picture suddenly appeared. Miles and miles of green fields, vineyards and olive groves stretching away to the south almost as far as the eye could reach, and in this emerald setting, its white houses rising tier on tier around a semicircle formed by the chalk hills—BETHLEHEM. "Venite adoremus." The priest fell on his knees. "Come let us adore Him in Bethlehem."

They remained thus a long time, their hearts too full for words. At length Dwyer, who meantime had taken another look at the guide book, broke the silence. "That massive stone building at the end of the arc must be the church of the Nativity. — And, Father Tim, the shame of it, the church, containing the cave where Christ was born, is not a Catholic church!"

"It is a Catholic Church. This most ancient and most venerable sanctuary in Christendom is a Catholic church. The main part was built by the Roman Catholic Saint Helena, who raised so many other temples on the spots sanctified by Our Lord. Two centuries later the rest was added by the Roman Catholic Emperor Justinian."

"The guide book says it belongs to the Greek schismatics."

"The Greek schismatics have usurped possession of it, but it does not belong to them. It belongs to the Catholics, whose love and faith and generosity lined it with magnificent mosaics, making it one of the most magnificent interiors in the world. The Turkish sultan stripped off the lead roof to make canon balls to fight the Christians, and so the

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rain came through and destroyed the mosaics. In the hands of the schismatics, this beloved sanctuary, to which Christians from every Christian land have journeyed for sixteen hundred years, is falling into decay."

"You say St. Helena built churches also in other points in Palestine sanctified by Christ during His mortal life?"

"Yes — St. Helena and other devoted Christians who came after her. On the site of the Incarnation, the Nativity, the Agony, the Crucifixion and Resurrection, also on the spot where He changed water into wine, where He was tempted by the devil, where he converted the Samaritan woman, where He was transfigured, where He taught the multitude, where He wept over Jerusalem, on that hill you see just beyond Bethlehem, where the shepherds were keeping the night watches over their sheep, and on dozens of other spots immortalized by the Word-made-Flesh while He dwelt among us — in all these places noble churches were built, to which Christian pilgrims flocked; and, not only churches, but monasteries too, where consecrated souls passed their days and nights in contemplation and prayer."

"But where are those churches and monasteries?"

"Alas, with three or four exceptions, they are in ruins. The Saracens blocked the pilgrimages, massacred the monks and nuns, changed the churches into Moslem temples or levelled them to the ground and built mosques and minarets to replace them. For example, the imposing church, which once stood on the spot where Jesus raised the widow's son to life, has long since been destroyed. Devout Christians have contributed towards the erection of an exquisite little modern church to commemorate that touching event, but in the entire town there is no longer a single Christian. The very caretaker, who opens the church for visiting pilgrims, is a Mohammedan."

"But, Father Tim — this is a tragedy, a crime." Dwyer was growing excited. "What was wrong with the Christian nations! The great God became Man, lived among men, suffered and died to save men, and men have not enough gratitude to preserve from desecration even little Palestine, which He hallowed by His presence!"

"Hurrah for Larry! He is catching the spirit of the crusaders!"

"It is the first time I have caught the meaning of their enterprise. They were real men. And to think that, of all the bloody and devastating

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wars ever waged by Christian nations, the crusades should be the only expeditions held up for universal criticism and condemnation!"

"Remember, boy, you are living in an age when it is a noble thing to send our young men to be gassed and blown to pieces in the trenches and to snatch the bread from our old people and children at home in order to save a pipe line or a coal region or a foreign investment but it is 'medieval superstition' to show a spark of enthusiasm for our faith or our religion. Remember this is the age of enlightenment!!! Though they cannot plead ignorance, like the people of Bethlehem on that first Christmas night, still they have 'no room for Him.'"

Meanwhile they had been following the route taken by St. Joseph when he went up "to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and family of David, to be enrolled with Mary, his espoused wife, who was with child." A hurried glance at the tomb of Rachael by the roadside — Rachael, who is represented as bewailing the massacre of the Holy Innocents. "A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning. Rachael bewailing her children and would not be comforted because they were not" — then the two pilgrims from far-off America entered the blessed city.

Purposely avoiding the broad new road leading to the sanctuary, they went by the crooked, narrow streets or lanes more suggestive of the time the Lord was born. With a sense of awe and deepest reverence they pushed aside the heavy leather curtain, so like what one sees hanging over the doors of the churches in Italy, and entered the sacred edifice. Nobody can fail to be impressed by the dignity and extraordinary beauty of the interior. It is divided into five aisles by four rows of monolith columns of pink stone, which is quarried to this day all round Bethlehem. A few patches of the rich mosaics, which covered the walls, still remain; the sight is enough to make one weep that so much rare beauty should have been allowed to perish on account of the water coming through the leaky roof.

BREATHLESS, Father Casey and his friend hurried forward toward the main altar. The mountain cave, in which the Lord was born, forms the crypt of the church. By a flight of sixteen steps, grooved and worn slippery by the feet of millions of devout Christians, they descended to the Grotto. The doorways are of marble with elegant bronze doors, one for the Catholics and one for the Greeks. Silence

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reigns in this cave as at midnight on the first Christmas. The darkness is dispelled only by the flickering flames of many olive-oil lamps. In the soft light, our pilgrims see an altar and, screwed to the floor at the foot of the altar, a silver star bearing the words: "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est — Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.*" Through an opening in the star the bare rock floor of the stable can be seen. They kneel and kiss the ground once trodden by Mary and Joseph, the shepherds and the Magi.

Never did an hour pass so swiftly as that spent by Father Casey meditating on the mystery wrought in this very cave that heard the first faint wailing of the great God, who became a Child out of love for the children of men. He was roused from his reverie by Lawrence Dwyer, who wanted to see more of Bethlehem. Nevertheless from that time until the midnight service began, they never wandered far from the blessed spot which drew their hearts as the loadstone draws steel.

They listened to the chanting of the Office of Christmas. "*Christus natus est nobis, venite adoremus — Christ is born to us, come let us adore Him.*"

After the choir had finished Lauds, a procession was formed; a wax figure of the Child Jesus was carried by the deacon. Arrived at the Grotto, the midnight gospel was sung. At the words "*she wrapped Him in swaddling clothes,*" the deacon wrapped a linen sheet about the figure. Then he sang: "*Et HIC reclinavit eum in praesepe — And HERE she laid Him in the manger.*" The figure was laid in the hollow of the rock which formed the manger.

The Solemn Mass begins. The Patriarch of Jerusalem intones the hymn of the angels, which once resounded among the surrounding hills: "*Gloria in excelsis Deo — Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will.*"

Peace! Oh, what peace — what peace and love and gratitude and holy joy fill their hearts!

"*Et VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST — And the Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us. And we saw His glory, the glory as it were of the Only-Begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth.*"

They understand the reason why, on this day of days, Christians, throughout the world, greet one another with the salutation: "I wish you a merry Christmas."

HOUSES

THE HOUSE FORSAKEN

D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.

LAURA STANTON climbed the stairs of her home, pushed open the door of her room with her elbow, dropped in a heap the packages with which her arms were laden, and threw herself down on her bed with a sigh of relief. It had been a hard day of tramping in department stores, wedging herself in and out among crowds, walking endless blocks to where she had parked the car, driving through streets so jammed with traffic that it required every ounce of her energy to avoid an accident. Christmas was only two days off, and as usual too many things had been put off. Her sigh of relief had a reason.

But there was another reason not evident on the surface of things. This was the last time she would be doing Christmas shopping from and for her present household. Next Christmas she would be—she knew not exactly where, but not in the environment in which she had lived for fifteen years. She might be abroad or in California, or even, possibly, honeymooning in Hawaii. She gave an added sigh to that thought as she comfortably and romantically dwelt upon it.

She was not so old, this woman lying in her street clothes, resting her tired limbs, dreaming about a mysterious but exotic future. She was not yet wearied or wan looking—even though she was a mother of two children and a wife of fifteen years. Hers was the athletic type of build. She had strong, vigorous features—attractive with fresh natural color. She was small but muscular, giving evidence of being able to do a great deal and to stand a great deal. There was a kind of disillusionment about her eyes—if not of petulance—over the fact that life had so far not turned out exactly as she had expected it to be. Her mouth was firm, even in repose, but with a firmness that suggested obstinacy once a course, good or bad, had been decided upon. Her whole countenance gave the impression of shallowness—for all its athletic vigor; there was little evidence there of either high idealism or solid principle.

This Laura Stanton had decided very recently upon a definite and

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striking course of action. She had not decided alone — could not decide alone — it was something that involved herself and her husband and her children. She and Pat Stanton had come a long way since the day they were married; they had had their ups and downs — their emotional sprees and their bitter clashes of temperament; they had rebuilt out of the wreckage caused by several distinct quarrels; they had let the thought of the children heal a few breaches that shortly after seemed to break more widely open. Now, however, they had come to the end of the road. They had decided, a month before Christmas, to give up their job; to separate and go their distinct ways — seeking new experiences that might give satisfaction to their souls.

"All right," Pat had said. "It's a go. But what are we going to do about the children?"

"I've thought of that, can't stop thinking about it, in fact. But they are old enough now to realize the reasons for these things — even though we have managed to conceal our disagreements from them. Neil is eleven, Anne is eight. They are wrapped up in school work — have plenty to keep them from thinking too much about us. And we can come to a peaceful agreement about sharing them. That's been done before, is being done almost every day."

"I suppose you're right. But I don't like to spoil this Christmas for them. Do you think we can hold our plan over for the New Year — give the kids a good Christmas for the last time?"

"I guess we can do that. Another month won't matter much to us, after all these years. We'll put it off to the first of the year — and give Neil and Anne the best Christmas of their lives — to remember their old home by."

"And I suppose we might just as well give presents to our usual friends as if nothing were wrong. No use letting them suspect anything until it's an accomplished fact."

"O. K. Make up the usual list, and let me know what you want me to do. And get the best of everything for the children."

* * *

It was the night before Christmas. In the nursery or playroom of the Stanton home, connecting the two alcoves that served as separate bedrooms for the children, Neil and Anne Stanton were sitting on the floor, with a few bedraggled looking toys and dolls of the last Christmas scattered about them. Anne was tugging at the sleeve of Neil's wooly pajamas, bubbling with excitement.

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"What'd ya see, what'd ya see?" she was saying to him. They had, a few moments before, stolen out of their beds and Neil had taken over the annual task of creeping down the stairs and looking over the bannister to bring back a report on the progress of the Christmas tree being erected and any possible information about the presents being opened.

But Neil was silent. He sat looking into space as if trying to comprehend something, and let Anne tug away at his sleeve. Then he tried to push her away as if he did not want to be interrupted in his thoughts.

"What'd you see? What is it, Neily?" she implored.

"I didn't see nothin'," he said at last. "I snuck down there—and they were sitting down and talking. Thought I'd listen for a minute before I took that look, so I sat down next to the railing."

"What'd they say?" said Anne, beginning to reflect Neil's fearful mood.

"I dunno as if I ought to tell you," said Neil. "I dunno if you'd understand."

She was tugging at his sleeve again now, kneeling at his side, her eyes and whole being filled with a fear she did not comprehend. "Tell me, Neily, aw, tell me."

"All right, Anne," he said. "I guess we got to stick together anyway." He put his arm around her clumsily, and blurted out: "They said they was gonna get a divorce at New Year's."

"A divorce? What's that?"

"I guess you don't know what a divorce is." He was all superior knowledge now, but his voice broke as he tried to explain it. "It means that Mother 'n Daddy are goin' to go away from one another forever. They don't want to be our Mother and Daddy any more. They talked as if they was gonna do it a month ago but they said they waited till after Christmas cuz they wanted to give us some presents first. That's what a divorce is."

"Ooh!" said Anne, in long drawn out but still uncomprehending terror. "Does that mean they won't live here any more? Are they goin' far away?"

"I guess that's it, all right," said Neil.

Anne began to cry. Neil forced back his own tears and held on to her. They sat huddled together. Only the dim night-light played upon them—accentuating the sense of catastrophe that possessed them.

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"Don't cry, Anne," said Neil, "don't cry." His own voice was not very firm as he gave the advice.

She clung to him, but managed to say: "But I don't want Mother and Daddy to go away."

"But we can't help it, Anne," said Neil. "They're just goin', that's all. We gotta do something. We can't stay here. They might just go out and leave us all alone. They might try to put us in an orphan home or somethin'." His mind, wrestling with the terrifying thing that even he only half understood, conjured up all kinds of nameless fears. And, with the naive logic of a child, he suddenly decided that action, any kind of action, was better than the uncertainty of the unknown.

"We gotta go away," he said. "We gotta. You get dressed quick — and we'll go over to Aunt Catharine's." Resolutely he kept his eyes off the window, where the night looked so frightfully dark. "Hurry, Anne. We'll go out the back way. . . ."

Laura and Pat, busy now in one of the front rooms with decorations and lights and presents, did not hear the creak of the back door of the house as, hand in hand, two woebegone children crept out into the darkness.

* * *

It had been the custom in the Stanton household to start Christmas Day festivities at seven o'clock. At that hour, the children would be awakened and allowed to run downstairs in their night clothes, to drink in the glory of the Christmas tree and the many surprises that would be hanging from it and lying beneath.

Pat Stanton awoke on Christmas morning with the customary anticipation of joy over the Christmas happiness of the children. His elation was a little dimmed when he recalled that it would be the last Christmas of its kind. But, after all, he reasoned, Christmas was only one day out of 365; the other 364 had become so burdensome with monotony that the thought of release was welcome. Besides, he had plans for the future; other women had come into his life; he was a "respectable" citizen — and therefore only after a respectable divorce could he give them the attention he felt inclined to. He was the "amoral" type of husband and father, for whom no deeper principles or considerations were allowed to weigh.

But the business at hand was a joyous one. He arose, called Laura from her sleep, dressed, and went into the children's rooms.

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"Merry Christmas," he shouted. "Get up, get up. Santa Claus is gone —"

Suddenly he stopped. He had caught a glimpse of Neil's empty bed. He saw his pajamas thrown in a heap on the floor. He took a step towards the other alcove and saw that Anne's bed was also unoccupied. "What — where — what's this?" he said.

Laura stood at the door now, and saw his dazed expression. "What's the matter?" she said.

Pat pointed to the beds, and Laura stifled a scream. "Perhaps they're downstairs already," she said quickly. "They woke up before us."

There was little dignity in the way they rushed down the stairs and into the living room. They pulled up sharply before the Christmas tree and stood silent, astounded, frozen with an undreamed of fear.

"They're gone," said Pat, as one in a daze.

"Gone?" said Laura, in the tone of a child asking the meaning of a word. "Gone? What do you mean — 'gone'?"

Pat's hands worked nervously at his sides. "They've left us. They couldn't be kidnapped — there's absolutely no outside access to their bedrooms. It's evident they dressed themselves and left. . . . Could it be — is it possible they found out about our plans and left us before we could — leave them?"

Suddenly Laura came to and the thing that happened penetrated her realization. She threw herself face down on a davenport crying incoherently. "It's our fault — its our fault. Oh God in heaven, where are they — where are they?"

As if in answer the telephone buzzed viciously against the wall. Pat strode over and lifted the receiver. Laura stood up and went to his side. The voice of Catharine, Laura's sister, could be distinctly, sharply heard by both.

"Pat? . . . is Laura there? . . . What's the matter with you two anyway? What in God's name have you been thinking about? . . . Yes, Neil and Anne are here — half frozen and hysterical with fear. . . . No, don't you dare come over here. You've scared them half to death with your talk of a divorce at New Year's. . . . I said don't you dare come over here. . . . I've just got them to bed and to sleep — even though they are still having nightmares about orphan asylums and police stations and bogey-men and what not. . . . You two crazy, selfish, fools! What a swell present you gave to your children,

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you pair of cowards. . . . No, you can't see them. If you come over here, I'll lock the doors and send for the police and tell them why the children left you. I'll send for a judge, too, and you can have your divorce, right here on my front steps . . . with every neighbor present from a mile around. . . . So sit down and think it over. Might as well decide now as at New Year's what you're going to do. Or go out and see your sweethearts — wish them a merry Christmas — bah!" Both Pat and Laura could hear the crash, as Catharine slammed down the receiver. . . .

A foreboding calm descended upon the room. The lights and ornaments twinkled merrily on the Christmas tree. A huge Shirley Temple doll sat propped up against the base of the tree, gazing wide-eyed at husband and wife. . . . A couple of needles fell from the tree and sounded to them like the explosion of a firecracker as they struck the tissue paper wrapped around a present. Pat walked to a chair and sat down. Laura sat stiffly across from him on the edge of the davenport.

"Anyway," said Pat, "they're safe."

"Safe!" said Anne, with violently suppressed scorn. "Safe! I don't want them to be safe — in somebody else's home. I want them here — here where they belong. We've got to have them. Can't you do something? Think of something. O God, God — I never knew it would be like this."

"Don't, Laura! Don't go hysterical. Things are hard enough. We'll get them back — somehow."

"Somehow! Somehow! We've got to do something or I'll go crazy. Can't you think of anything but 'somehow'?"

Pat looked at the Christmas tree with all its gorgeous trimmings that only a child could enjoy. He looked over the toys and presents scattered around it — that already seemed to him to be worn out — useless — broken and cast aside. He looked out the window and out into the future. Then he spoke, a little haltingly, but with deep emotion.

"There is something I can do. Only one thing, in fact," he said.

"What is it? Quick!" said Laura.

He got up and went over to her side. He put one arm around her back and took her far hand, not as a lover, but rather like a pal.

"Will you," he said, "stay married to me? Can you forget our foolishness and make this a job that we'll be big enough to accomplish?"

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Laura stiffened for a moment. It was hard to unlearn in a moment the selfishness of years. But finally her head bent towards his shoulders. The vision of her children had come before her—and their fearful pleading could not be in vain.

"You're right," she whispered. "It's the only thing we can do—and must do. . . . I think, Pat, we'll be wiser and happier now."

"We certainly will," said Pat. . . . "Put on your things. I'll call up Catharine and tell her we're on our way to get the children—for New Year's—for all years!"

CHRISTMAS COUNSEL

A paper in New Zealand last year gave this good advice to its readers, and we pass it on:

"Do's" for Christmas

Do be a child for once, among children if possible.

Do remember that poor lonely soul who would love to know you had thought of her.

Do look frightfully surprised and pleased when you open Jack's present—even though you found out what it was weeks ago.

Do keep a list of what you are giving, or someone will be in danger of receiving hankies from you three years running.

Do push your troubles on one side for the time being. They may have disappeared by the time you look round for them again.

Do start your Christmas celebration with Mass and Communion.

"Don'ts" for Christmas

Don't spend a lot more money than you can afford. Your friends would much rather you didn't.

Don't leave everything to the last minute.

Don't forget that to make others happy you must be happy yourself.

Don't banish poor old Father Christmas or Santa Claus. The children still love him.

Don't envy those who are spending Christmas in expensive hotels. They probably won't enjoy themselves half as much as you will.

Don't forget the real meaning of Christmas.

Don't spend Christmas in the state of mortal sin.

SPECULATION FOR CHRISTMAS

The season of Christmas, with all the joy it has brought to mankind, awakens the interesting question as to whether there would have been a Christmas, i.e., whether God would have become man, if our first parents had not sinned. An absolutely certain answer, of course, could be obtained only from God Himself; yet human minds love to take evidences of God's will actually given and extend them into new conclusions. On this question, whether there would be a Christmas if man were not fallen and in need of a Redeemer, there are various interesting opinions, which we offer here with a synopsis of the reason given.

1. Raymund Lully, a writer of the 13th century, said that God would have become man, even if there had been no sin on the part of man. The reason he gives is that God was bound to decree the best and most perfect kind of created world, which could not have been unless in that world there were a created being united with an uncreated person, such as Jesus Christ.

2. Duns Scotus, Father Faber, St. Francis de Sales and many others also say that God would have become man even if there had been no original sin. However, they make a distinction in explaining it. They say that if there had been no sin to atone for, Christ would not have allowed any capacity for suffering in His human nature. This of course is reasonable because suffering is the price of atonement and redemption, and if there were no atonement to be made, Christ would not need to suffer. These writers assert that God would have become man in any case, because of His infinite love for the human beings he had created. They say that God intended to become man from all eternity, irrespective of man's innocence or guilt, basing the statement on passages in the Epistles of St. Paul wherein Christ (the God-Man) is called again and again the "first-born of the Father," — "the one chosen from the foundation of the world."

3. St. Thomas Aquinas and almost all his followers, however, assert definitely that if it had not been for sin God would not have become man at all. The argument they use is this: The motive or reason for the Incarnation depends solely on the Will of God, and therefore can be found out only insofar as God has revealed it. Holy Scripture, which contains the revelation of God's will, repeats over and over that Christ came "that sin might have an end," that "the iniquity of the earth might be taken away," "that He might save those who had perished," etc. Everything God has said about the Incarnation, they argue, points to the truth that it was decreed only on account of sin.

Whatever we happen to think about this interesting question, the very thought of it intensifies our gratitude for the Incarnation as actually accomplished. Whatever might have been in different circumstances, as a matter of fact, we have Christmas, and are thankful for the infinite and everlasting benefits it has brought into our lives.

WHAT AND WHY — EMBER DAYS?

Suppose you took a non-catholic to Mass with you some Sunday. Suppose the priest announced something about ember days. After mass your friend asks you: what does that mean "Ember days"?

H. S. Smith, C.Ss.R

FOUR TIMES every year an announcement is made from the pulpits of our Catholic Churches that "Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of the coming week are Ember Days." To many Catholics this announcement means one thing—a week with three fish days. To some it means an attempt to remember not to eat too much at lunch so that they can eat a full meal in the evening. To others it means a struggle with their imagination to try to invent some excuse for being exempted from the law. Perhaps if our Catholic people knew the real meaning of the ember days and the reason for their existence they would accept them as a grand opportunity to make themselves better imitators of Christ and better men and women by practicing the virtue of self denial through fasting and abstinence.

The word "ember" has an odd geneology. It has nothing to do with embers or ashes. It is a corruption of the Latin term for these days of penance which have been prescribed by the Church from early times. The Liturgical term for these days is "Quatuor Tempora," which means, "the four times." We can see the similarity between "ember" and the word "tempora" through the German derivative Quatember. The term "quatuor tempora" is used by the church because these days come four times a year at the beginning of each season. In the early centuries of the church they were celebrated at different times according to the advent of the seasons in the different parts of the world, but Pope Gregory VII, who reigned from 1073 to 1085, definitely arranged them as we have them today and prescribed that they be observed by the whole Church. The ember days in the Roman Calendar are the Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after December 13th, the feast of St. Lucy; after Ash Wednesday; after Pentecost; and after the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross which occurs on September 14th.

THE IDEA of the ember days is that they should be days of both prayer and fasting. St. Leo the Great who was Pope from 440 to 461 tells us that the observance of ember days was something instituted by the apostles and he explains their meaning for us especially in regard to the days in December when he remarks that, at the end of the year, and before beginning to draw upon the stores that had been set aside for the winter, it is fitting that we should dedicate the fruits of the earth to divine Providence by fasting, abstinence and almsgiving. They are days when we should thank God for the gifts of nature and learn, by fasting, the lesson of moderation in the use of food and drink.

The original idea of the ember days, however, comes to us from the practice of the old Roman pagans. The Romans were originally an agricultural race; it was only in their later history that they became famous as a nation of soldiers, statesmen and legislators. It was the custom for the old Romans at seeding and harvest time to beg the help of their pagan gods and to ask their blessing on their fields and crops. They had religious ceremonies in June to ask for a bountiful harvest, in September to beg for a rich vintage and in December, the time for winter seeding, to implore the gods to make their fields fertile. Now the Church, when converting heathen nations has always tried to sanctify their native customs, to baptize them as it were and to turn them into legitimate means of praising God. Hence when the Romans were converted to Christianity, many of their old customs were incorporated into the practices of the faithful and even became integral parts of the liturgy. The observance of the ember days is a clear example of this practice and policy.

BESIDES being days of penance, the ember days have become very important in the life of the church because, since the fifth century, these days have been set aside for the ordination of priests and deacons. Originally only the ember days of December were designated but later ordinations were permitted on the Saturdays of each ember week. This was done to assist the church to follow the example of the Apostles themselves and the first Christians who prayed and fasted before the ordination of the first seven deacons. On these days, after the solemn procession to the Church or basilica where the ordinations were to be held, the names of those called to be ordained were read

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out aloud; the people could make a deposition against any of the candidates if they knew him to be guilty of any great sin or crime and hence unworthy to receive the dignity of the priesthood.

This is in conformity with St. Paul's advice to Timothy that it is necessary for those chosen for the priestly office to have "a good testimony of them who are without; lest he fall into reproach and the snare of the devil. Deacons in like manner (must be) chaste, not double tongued, not given to much wine, not greedy of filthy lucre." (I Tim. iii-7). So, in order to call down upon the heads of those newly chosen to administer at the altar, the faithful united with the bishop in prayer and fasting at the ember tide.

For this reason we should observe the ember days strictly and in the right spirit. The highest interests of Christian people are bound up to a great extent with the holiness of their clergy. Holy Scripture teaches us that the most terrible chastisement Almighty God inflicts upon perverse nations is to give them pastors and leaders who are not exemplary and holy. Hence, the ordination of sacred ministers is not a matter which concerns merely the bishop and his seminary but one that is of supreme importance to the whole church. The real purpose of the ember days then, is to remind the faithful to pray for priests.

Perhaps there is no one who is less prayed for than a priest. Everyone takes it for granted that he does not need prayers. He is the one to whom a man must come when he needs prayers; the priest must pray for others, he must celebrate Mass for them, he must work for the sanctification of the faithful. But the priest himself needs prayers and assistance, more perhaps than a lay person. In his official capacity as leader he is beset with difficulties and temptations; often, the care of his flock leaves him little time for personal prayer and sanctification; his problems are many and his burdens heavy — yet he is still a human being and needs help from God. The church therefore asks prayers for her priests at special times during the year — the ember days. Perhaps the thought that Ember days are Priests' days might help our Catholics to accept the fast and abstinence a bit more gracefully and remind them to recommend to God those, who like Christ, give their lives for the salvation and sanctification of mankind.



What we call little things are merely the causes of great things. —
Amiel.

MERCY AT MIDNIGHT

The plumber whistled a tune as he sat on the floor of the kitchen with his head under the sink, twisting and hammering and doing strange things to the pipes that were supposed to carry off the drain water, but had ceased to function.

"You seem quite happy," said the housewife, busy between the kitchen table and the range on the other side of the room. The plumber poked his head out from under the sink and answered: "One gets that way — around Christmas."

"Does one?" she answered skeptically.

The man on the floor held up a wrench as a signal for attention. "Say," he said, "did you ever hear a bunch of boys singing Christmas carols at midnight? Did you ever go to a Solemn High Mass on Christmas eve — and feel the little chills going up and down your spine as you realized what it meant?" He whistled again, this time not a tune — but a long drawn out whistle of anticipation. "Did you?"

The woman bent down and peered into the oven. "Yes," she said, "but it's a long time ago."

The plumber hit the pipe beneath the sink a resounding whack with his wrench. "Well, say," he said with emphasis of astonishment, "It appears as if this sink is not the only thing I came here to fix."

"What are you talking about?" said the housewife.

"Ma'am," said the plumber, "there's nothing like gettin' a new start to make you feel like whistlin' and singin' too. You take this here drain-pipe — when I get finished with 'er, she'll sing with joy as she carries off the settlins' of the sink. Its the same with human beings. They gets clogged up at times, sort o' speaking — (pardon me, Ma'am) — and needs a fresh start. Now you just go to Midnight Mass tonight and see if you don't start singing."

"I couldn't do that," said the woman, "I understand you have to have a ticket — and only people that have been going to church were given them."

"That's right, but I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you my ticket. Shucks, I ain't missed a Midnight Mass for 15 years — I can afford to miss one for a change. But listen here now, ma'am, if I give you this here ticket," — he fished in a pocket under his overalls and pulled out a ticket that immediately received a large grease stain from his fingers, "if I give you this here ticket, you got to go to confession before midnight. Everybody'll be goin' to Communion, so you can't miss that."

"Oh, I'd be afraid," said the woman, and her fright at the thought was unfeigned.

"Afraid? Pshaw! You just tell Father Smith I sent you over and he'll treat you as easy as the good Lord Himself. Nothin' to it." He held up the ticket between his fingers. "Do you want this ticket?"

"Are you sure?" said the woman, still thinking of confession.

"Positive," said the plumber, as she daintily took the ticket from between his fingers. "You just go right ahead. Nothin' to it." He choked his wrench about one of the pipes and grunted as he twisted it around. "I'll sleep tonight, and go to nine," he said in a muffled voice.

CHRISTMAS ON THE LABOR FRONT

C.I.O. - A.F.L. - Communists - Socialists - Rugged Individualists -
Republicans - Democrats - Technocrats - International Bankers - Defend-
ers of Liberty - Money Changers - Rich - Poor - Forgotten Men - Unem-
ployable Old - Unemployed Young - Hear Ye - Hear ye!

L. M. Merrill, C.Ss.R.

NOW IS the time—if ever is the time—to get down to the fundamental single issue of the manifold controversies, social, economic, industrial and political, that have been making a battlefield out of the United States. Now is the time—because it is the season of Christmas—when a thoughtful citizen can put aside all the side issues of our problems, all the unimportant and temporary and ineffective considerations that have been given toward a solution; and get down to basic, unanswerable, universal truth as the starting point of all fruitful efforts toward peace. And the basic, unanswerable truth about our condition and its remedy may be written in a single line:

There is no hope of lasting peace—social or economic or industrial or international—until men bow their heads and submit their hearts to the rule of Him who was born a poor Babe on Christmas Night.

A sermon is it, you say? Aye, and more than a sermon. It is the law of human life. In vain will every other measure be, in vain all contracts and agreements—all laws and regulations—until they are accompanied by the adherence of men's hearts to the principles Christ brought into the world. Let us explain.

We who write these lines have written much in behalf of Social Justice in which the principle here laid down was hardly touched upon at all. We've talked about what employers should do—what laboring men should do—what unions should do (and not do), what the government should do (and abstain from doing). We've talked about these things as if our problems would all be solved if everybody were to keep certain rules—or as if all that is needed is a program assigning to each sector of society its duties and obligations and rights and privileges—and its enforcement everywhere.

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But we have not been deceived about all this planning. It is necessary to urge these things, and we shall continue to do so. It is important to keep on telling greedy employers to see the viewpoint and the rights of the laboring man. It is important to the laboring men to get together, to stick together, to use their organizations to promote interests of one another in a peaceful, Christian, rational way. It is important to praise those employers who against great odds are trying to treat their workers as human beings and not raw materials for their profits, to be bought and sold at the lowest price the market will yield. It is important to watch federal and state governments — to urge upon them the adoption of laws that will force a rule of justice upon those to whom no other argument will appeal; to criticize and condemn them for legislation that favors and fosters the prosperity of a few. It is, in a word, important to plan and campaign for social justice as though it depended on certain rules, contracts, pledges and laws, because it does depend on these things — but with a proviso that must always be kept in mind.

The proviso is this: that those who apply these rules, contracts, pledges and laws, have a Christian conception of life, responsibility, human dignity and sin. That means that men must be *Christians* before any program for social justice will long avail or endure. Without that, yesterday's poor man will be tomorrow's greedy capitalist, creating strife all over once more. Without that today's rugged individualist, finding himself hedged in by laws and rules that cramp his greed, will tomorrow find a loophole through which to evade the law, or will throw vast resources into a successful effort to change the law. Without that men will still be becoming Communists, Socialists, anarchists, or cruel despots tyrannizing over their fellow men. Only one thing can stop greed and ambition in individuals, man-made inequalities in society, strife and killing competition in industry: that one thing is not the law nor a police force nor a contract however ironclad — it is the supernatural religion of Jesus Christ!

IT IS high time we Catholics recognize and act upon this truth. It is a timely Christmas on which to kneel down before a rude crib, to gaze upon a little baby lying on a few wisps of straw, to remind ourselves that what He represents is what we must represent and preach to the world before Social Justice can ever fully reign. With-

out Him we can do nothing! Without Him no world can right itself. He came only because He had to come for the salvation of society: He came as the last divine means of restoration for men: they who seek salvation or restoration apart from Him seek in vain.

After all, our task is simple in theory, as untechnical as the ten commandments, even though it be difficult to bring to a successful issue. It means that we must begin by being Christians ourselves — Christian employers and employees, Christian republicans and democrats, Christians as individuals, walking in the grace and spirit of Christ the Redeemer. There is no room for hate in our hearts, if they are Christian; there must be no compromising with greed and ambition, whether we happen to be rich or poor; there can be no defense of our conduct on the basis of what others are doing or what "everybody" is doing; there has to be a readiness to sacrifice everything — money, possessions, home, mother and father, friends and benefactors, even life itself, for the grace of God and the salvation of our souls. Too many of us are not Christians in the true sense — however we demand the right to bear the name; we have been sidetracked from the way and the truth and the life, by false ideals and evil example and too blind a following of the tendencies of our own worldly passions and desires. Social justice needs Christians to establish it — not hypocrites and worldlings.

If we start out thus ourselves, we shall have something to offer the strife-torn ranks of society. We shall not offer them any purely natural system of justice — we know such never has worked and never will. We shall not be content to change men's conduct — leaving their hearts untouched within; we shall lay up no hope that there is a purely mechanical or legal or political hope of restoration for society; we shall offer the Christian philosophy of life in its entirety — knowing that only out of that can spring the everlasting blessings of peace.

HEAR YE — ye Catholic capitalists and laborers; ye democrats and republicans; ye rich and poor. Do you yearn for social justice and peace? Go to your Church, kneel down before your crib; drink deep of the lesson of Christ's poverty and detachment and other-worldliness, drain to the last drop his teaching about the value of your soul, the nothingness of this world, the glory of justice and charity towards your fellow-men!

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Then live what you have learned—in business and private life—in success and failure—in wealth and poverty. Live it and preach it—preach it to the millions who are embroiled in strife; preach it to Communists and Socialists, to individualists and liberals, to rich and poor. No other program will be needed, as no other will be effective—for justice and peace among men!

—ANOTHER MACAULEY—

Macauley, you remember, was the non-Catholic English author who prophesied in very famous words the fact that the Church of Rome would go on existing even when London and the power of the British empire would be no more, or words to that effect. It is not so well known that the Russian Bolshevik, Lenin, who hated religion and all its works, made the same kind of prophecy to a Catholic priest shortly before his death. These were his words:

* "Humanity is gravitating inevitably towards Communism,— it is only a question of time. Within one hundred years, civilized nations will enjoy a completely different form of government. Nevertheless, I believe that amid the ruins of the now existing institutions the Catholic Church with its hierarchy shall rise again to life. This is certain because she systematically educates those whom she has chosen to govern her subjects. Kings and princes are born kings and princes, but the Church molds her bishops and popes. For this reason I can see for the future only one form of government, the Soviet, and only one Church, the Catholic. But neither of us shall live to see this ideal realized."

Lenin probably realizes now in death that half of his prophecy will be fulfilled: the Church will live on, but not as the companion institution of Communism.

—IRRESISTIBLE HEADLINE—

When you are asked for an interview by a newspaper, unless you are out merely for the publicity of it, consider this incident before you open your mouth.

* The *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*, according to *Editor and Publisher*, recently carried an interview given by H. G. Wells in which he said there would be no great war before 1940, because armaments were not ready. In the second paragraph of his interview, he told the reporters not to print stories that "Wells predicts war by 1940."

The *Sun-Telegraph* put this headline (no doubt it couldn't resist) over the interview: "Wells Sees War By 1940."

WHAT RULES THE WORLD?

The cliches and catch-phrases say it is the hand that rocks the cradle, or the almighty dollar, or the political ring. Here is the correct answer to the question in the title—do you need to guess?

John A. Treinen, C.Ss.R.

EVEN a cursory study of history, religious or profane, will reveal to the reader that in almost every century since the first, men have shaped their lives on catch-phrases, by-words, so to speak, which occasionally are true, — often only half-true, and too frequently untrue. Yet no matter what their worth, by them some men live and move and have their being. Their use, however, as a guide to rational living, can prove at times very harmful, and at times very beneficial, not only to the civilization but especially to the salvation of man.

I will cite several instances which are easily recalled, to bring out my meaning.

You remember the one — “The Christians to the Lions.” This was very popular in the first few centuries of Christianity. The supposedly wise coined it, and the less wise did not question it, and so — to the lions went the Christians — in droves of millions.

A later century was more blessed for Christianity. “Deus vult” cried men, “God wills it,” echoed their children. And the sons of God and their children armed with courage and prayer, set out ten times to fight a Holy War to regain the Holy Land from the thieving Turks.

Another was born with Luther and isn’t dead yet: “Faith without good works.” This particular catch-phrase did away, in one fell swoop, with Mass, Penance, Purgatory and Free-Will.

In a later century, France with Voltaire and his followers, awoke one day and shouted: “Reason is supreme.” The result: The crucifix over the altar in Notre Dame was replaced by a nude woman — and some churches, for a time, were turned into taverns, and night clubs and worse.

Finally, today, others are floating over the field of science and religion: Man is only a monkey; Marriage dies when love dies; One religion is as good as another, with the result: some men are leading animal lives, even Marriage is often only legalized mating with one, two,

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or say, several mates; while religion has as its head and author a God who is only an indifferent nit-wit.

There you have in a nutshell, some of the moral chaos that can result from a human idea half-stated or misstated. It is to offset, at least in part, this moral ruin that I offer the old but now and ever true catchphrase: "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams." A non-Catholic poet is the author of it — but even Catholics might learn the better to appreciate prayer if they believed about it what the poet spoke so beautifully.

TO HELP us evaluate prayer and to use it more profitably, it is best that we know exactly the meaning of prayer, as used here, for Prayer may have several meanings. It may mean merely the lifting up of the mind to God; or conversation with God. Finally, and this is the meaning intended here, prayer is asking God for things that are proper and suitable for Him and for us. Therefore, there is immediately excluded from this idea of prayer all things that are harmful to us, all things sinful, all things that are inglorious to God. And there is included all things worth while: things that promote the glory of God and the interests of Christ, things that will increase our faith, strengthen our hope, and deepen our love; things that will mean for us victory over our passions and temptations and finally gain for us the crowning gift of perseverance. Temporal favors are not excluded from the prayer of petition, but if they are to be included, they must be added with the condition: if it be God's will. For temporal goods may become evils for us when not used in the right way. Such things, therefore, as wealth, health, honors and wisdom may be asked for, but always only conditionally. For wealth may ruin our soul by its downward attraction. Health and long life may make us less dependent on God and lead us to forget Him. And honors and wisdom may puff up and swell our heart and head — by which sin fell the angels.

We must, then, remember, this important distinction when we pray — namely, that some things may be asked for absolutely: such things as are always and under all circumstances good for God or for us; while others, which can prove harmful at times, may be asked for only conditionally, i.e., if God sees that they will do us no harm whatever. To pray thus is to pray right. And by praying aright, we shall never have the right to say: "I prayed and received not." For if we do not receive

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it is entirely our own fault: either we asked for useless or harmful things, or we failed to ask them with attention, with humility, and with confidence and perseverance.

Nowhere did Christ promise to grant every request merely because it fell from human lips, but somewhere He did condemn the Jews who prayed to His Father only with their lips while their heart was far away. Nowhere did He promise to hear our first request, but somewhere He did say that we should pray always and cease not to pray — as He did in His own agony and dereliction when He prayed the harder: three times and for three hours He prayed, conditionally, for the passing of the chalice of suffering, and in the end, He had to drink it down to the dregs. Nowhere did He promise to hear the proud heart or the diffident and faithless one, but somewhere, He did say that the prayer of the humble shall pierce the clouds. Somewhere He did say that "if you shall have faith and stagger not, you shall say to this mountain, 'take up and cast thyself into the sea,' and it shall be done." This is praying aright, and this idea of prayer was in our Lord's mind when He said: Ask and ye shall receive."

A GAINST prayer, however, specious objections are often raised. Though some understand the meaning of prayer they fail to grasp its necessity and value. They readily admit man's helplessness, man's frailty, and man's need. But they also assert the Infinite Wisdom and Liberality of God. Hence, they argue, that since God knows all things, He certainly must know our needs. Therefore, He does not have to be told about them — He needs no information from us about ourselves.

Such people should be told that the purpose of prayer is not to give God information — on the contrary, by our prayer we beg Him for some of His information. Since He is the Lord and Master of His goods and of us all, He can dispense His favors as He chooses. But He will always choose conditions that will further His glory and increase our bliss. Now He chose this process to shed His light: "Ask and you shall receive." Receive what? Light to guide us on the way, light to see the truth, light to read life aright. It is as if God were waiting on our prayers to set free his goods on their errands of love. Our prayer becomes the spring that starts His Mercy into action! Prayer, then, does not enlighten God but it gives light divine to the one who prays.

Others feel that since God is most liberal, He should lavish His favors unasked.

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Is such an argument really honest and valid? Don't such men see that just because God is so infinitely liberal He has added to His many gifts the gift of prayer? Furthermore, to receive all favors unasked would not only prove harmful to us but also be unsuited to our human dignity. It was through no prayer of ours that the world and all that is in it was made. No prayer of ours created, baptized, and redeemed us. See how much is ours unasked. To give all unasked would spoil us, for it would train us to forget God — enjoying His gifts, but never thinking of the Giver. It would train us to pride and ingratitude — taking all for granted. Besides, our human dignity would be dishonored if God showered all His gifts unasked. For to receive favors unasked is the lowly fortune of beings that cannot ask — of those who have no mind and will, as minerals, plants, and brutes. Whereas, being invited to ask for some favors shows respect on God's part for our dignity as intelligent beings; it offers us the privilege of a private audience with God, and gives us the ecstasy of a fond embrace of our Father while we let fall from our heart our pleading into His Boundless Heart. Hence, far from denying the liberality of God, prayer was given us just to initiate the sweet process of love between Father and child.

A FINAL objection to prayer is voiced by those who have spluttered a little in philosophy or higher learning. They argue that God by His very nature is unchangeable. His plans and His decrees are as fixed as His being. But prayer would make a changeling of God, forcing Him to reverse His course and to re-write His plans.

At first blush, such an objection seems to carry some weight — but on closer analysis it can be shown to be as shallow and flimsy as the others. And in answer to this objection I make bold to say that prayer rules the world. What does that mean? Just this: we often have heard the words 'God's Providence,' and we know what they mean: God's actual government of the world in all its details; the execution of God's plan in the universe. This plan of God is eternal and it contains not only the effects that are to happen but also the causes that produce the effects. That means that when God established the course of the world He had regard for all the desires and prayers of each intelligent being in the world. So that when a soul addresses to God in the present a prayer worthy of being heard, we must not imagine that that prayer comes to the knowledge of God only in the present. On the contrary, He has

THE TOY SHOP

Perhaps it was only a coincidence, but it taught Hans the surest secret of salesmanship. The marvel is that he learned the secret, as you shall do if you read his story.

L. F. Hyland, C.Ss.R.

HANS SCHMIDT had four sons. His wife was dead, and he and the boys worked together, year in, year out, day after day, in the little toy shop that Hans had established when he had come over from Germany 35 years before. Dolls they made, out of wood and plaster and clay and rags; marionettes, with large heads and goggling eyes and loose joints that could be made to move in unbelievable ways; toy wagons and implements and mechanical devices that had an almost uncanny ability to ape the function of the real thing; miniature crosses and saints and acolytes — and hundreds of other things that sprang forth from the teeming brain of Hans, as he sat at a bench and dreamed — and then barked orders to Louie or Fritz or Tony or Franz.

You may well believe that all five were artists, with a great unspoken love for their work, and a still deeper and still more silent love for one another. Hans might bark his orders, in the throes of inspiration, but the one whom he addressed would as often as not stand for a moment and put on an exact imitation of his father's words and manner. Then both would laugh, and the old man would say, with emphasis on the *Du*: "*Du Lieber.*" That was the signal for the son to set feverishly to work. . . .

Things had not gone so well for Hans and the boys during the past couple of years. Time was when they had not an idle day from one end of the year to the other, just trying to keep abreast of the orders that had poured in. But many of the stores that had bought from them for years had gone out of business; many others had found it necessary to stock up only with machine-made toys — because only such were cheap enough for people to buy. They had not stopped working — could not stop if they tried — but they had filled every shelf they could find room for along the walls of the shop — had piled up toys in all the corners and all the available floor space that was not absolutely needed, and still were making more toys. The worst of it was

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Perhaps it was only a coincidence, but it taught Hans the surest secret of salesmanship. The marvel is that he learned the secret, as you shall do if you read his story.

L. F. Hyland, C.Ss.R.

HANS SCHMIDT had four sons. His wife was dead, and he and the boys worked together, year in, year out, day after day, in the little toy shop that Hans had established when he had come over from Germany 35 years before. Dolls they made, out of wood and plaster and clay and rags; marionettes, with large heads and goggling eyes and loose joints that could be made to move in unbelievable ways; toy wagons and implements and mechanical devices that had an almost uncanny ability to ape the function of the real thing; miniature crosses and saints and acolytes — and hundreds of other things that sprang forth from the teeming brain of Hans, as he sat at a bench and dreamed — and then barked orders to Louie or Fritz or Tony or Franz.

You may well believe that all five were artists, with a great unspoken love for their work, and a still deeper and still more silent love for one another. Hans might bark his orders, in the throes of inspiration, but the one whom he addressed would as often as not stand for a moment and put on an exact imitation of his father's words and manner. Then both would laugh, and the old man would say, with emphasis on the *Du*: "*Du Lieber.*" That was the signal for the son to set feverishly to work. . . .

Things had not gone so well for Hans and the boys during the past couple of years. Time was when they had not an idle day from one end of the year to the other, just trying to keep abreast of the orders that had poured in. But many of the stores that had bought from them for years had gone out of business; many others had found it necessary to stock up only with machine-made toys — because only such were cheap enough for people to buy. They had not stopped working — could not stop if they tried — but they had filled every shelf they could find room for along the walls of the shop — had piled up toys in all the corners and all the available floor space that was not absolutely needed, and still were making more toys. The worst of it was

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—their little surplus money was already much depleted; soon they would be unable to buy any more raw materials. Christmas was only a month away; and their stock was not moving; something had to be done.

"Ach, himmel," said Hans, as the boys sat around him one day, each one whittling and cutting or working at something in his hands. "a salesman we need yet. If they won't come to us — we got to go to them."

The boys bent industriously over their tasks — each one trying to show silently that he wasn't cut out to be a salesman. Not one of them spoke.

"You hear me!" said Hans. "A salesman we need, and one of us it must be."

"Aw, Dad," said Louie, "who wants to go out tramping the streets looking for customers? We wouldn't know how or where to start."

"Ya," said Hans, "who said anything about wanting to go out? Customers we must have, or the business is pouf — finished."

The boys continued to sit dolefully at their work. The old man softened and continued: "I tell you, boys, something must be done. I don't like it, no more as you. Maybe we could do like this: take turns going out. Each day one of us go, and see what he can do. And as I am your father and should set the example, I will begin. Tomorrow I go out and find some business. After that, you take your turns."

There was a flurry of remonstrance among the boys. They were ashamed now that they had been so unwilling to do what the old man wanted. And they did not want to see him, almost seventy now, setting out against the habits of a lifetime.

"Aw, Dad," said Franz, "We'll go —"

"Nein, nein. I go myself tomorrow. Tony, get out that big suitcase — with the big straps. Louie and Franz — pick out the finest toys we got and pack them in. Tomorrow I go. . . ."

IT WAS near dark when old Hans returned to the toy shop from his wanderings. The boys saw him coming, and whispered an evidently joyous plan among themselves. "Don't tell him right away," said Louie, "Wait till we see what success he had."

Success was not written in the demeanor of Hans. Physically he was tired, but the boys could see that he was also discouraged — and he

seemed to be a little ashamed. He walked into the shop, put down the suitcase and sought a bench where he sat down.

"Ach, boys," he said, "your old father is not a good salesman."

He paused and looked from one to the other as if for encouragement, and he seemed to find it. He went on:

"But I tell you, things I have seen today like never before. It made me sad. Franz, open the bag. . . . See, it is empty. . . . But I sold nothing, nothing. Here is how it was. First I thought: I will go to some houses of people where there are children—little boys and little girls who like dolls and toys and such things. They will buy from us maybe, I thought. In the first house I went to, where I saw children playing in the street, was a little boy. He was sick in a bed. With the other boys he could not play. Such eyes he had—big and round and sad. Such little arms, like you could wrap one finger and your thumb around. He was so small and weak and lonesome, I thought: I will make him laugh and be happy." Old Hans hung his head for a moment, not daring to look at the boys, as if he had done a shameful thing. Then he put out his hand in a gesture of self-defense, and said: "I could not ask *him* to buy. So I opened my bag and gave him a soldier and a horse and one of those little crosses we made." He took out his handkerchief and blew his nose violently. "Ach, himmel," he said, "such joy I have never seen. The little boy laughed until he cried. And I didn't care then if I never sold anything, so happy did I feel."

The boys looked at one another, and Louie was about to speak, when Hans went on: "So it was all day. I see many children. But when they look at my toys with big round eyes like saucers, everything I give away. . . . I bring back nothing."

Louie went over and laid a hand gently on his father's shoulder. "It's all right, Dad. Today, while you were gone, a buyer came from Berger's. He ordered many, many things, and a good price he offered to pay."

"Yes," said Tony, "and we had not enough of the carved animals and dolls to suit him. We'll have to work overtime now."

"So?" said Hans, with long drawn out emphasis, "so? By golly, maybe I should go away some more yet. From Berger's, did you say? By golly, Berger's is that great big department store on Main St. Tomorrow I think I should go out again," he added, with a twinkle in his eye.

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"No," said Louie, "you had your day. It's my turn now."

"Ach," said Hans, "But do you think you could sell as good as I did while I was away yet?"

"Maybe not quite so good," said Louie, "but I see now how you did it."

Hans got up from the bench, took off his coat, and rolled up his sleeves. "How many dolls and animals did Berger's need yet?" he asked.

"As many as we can make," returned Fritz.

"Tonight it gives work," said Hans. . . . Then: "Louie."

"Yes."

"Maybe if tomorrow you should see whether they need any toys at the children's hospital, the poor one on the hill, we could get some more orders, maybe, Louie?"

"Maybe you're right, Dad," said Louie, with a wink.

"And," said Hans, holding a carving tool poised, "For Fritz and Tony and Franz will be left the orphans' home and that deaf and dumb place and lots more houses where there are little children with big round eyes like saucers and little arms, like fingers, to be salesmen to, like me, maybe?"

"Sure thing," said Louie.

Hans set to work. "Berger's," he murmured. "Berger's! By golly!"

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Using evergreen as decorations or symbols for Christmas is a practice that dates back many centuries. It is not difficult to understand why the evergreen appeals so universally as a symbol of Christmas:

1. It remains always green, and thus represents the tree of life, and awakens Christian hope in the Saviour, by Whom death was overcome.

2. Lights are placed on the Christmas tree to represent Christ, the light of the world.

3. Gifts are hung on the Christmas tree, to represent the gifts brought to us by Christ.

4. In older times, an apple was always found on the Christmas tree, to signify that the apple by which Adam and Eve sinned had been made harmless for us by Christ.

AT THE BREAKING OF THE BREAD

Popular interest in the Mass is no new thing. This is the first of several articles explaining the spiritual and dramatic qualities of the Mass for lay liturgists.

F. A. Brunner, C.Ss.R.

WORSHIP is at once the first and the most enduring work of humankind. All our faculties, ourselves we offer to God in acknowledgment of a helpless dependence on him. Remember God, honor him, fear him — every such act of worship springs from a sense of God's presence and of the puzzling wonders which make him known: His dwelling in our hearts, or where two or three are gathered together in his name, or on his altar throne. This increasing awareness of God must almost certainly result in some degree of adoration, a prayer outpouring to the Supreme Good, unmindful of self, a movement not of the mouth only, but of the heart and mind and will as well — in short, a movement of the whole man towards God.

If this be true — and it is — then the highest act of worship is the Mass, the Mass in which we Catholics pay our homage to God. For the Mass is the offering of God's entire self to God. No service so closely approaches the deity, none gives such glory to God.

Once on Calvary Christ gasped out his latest breath as a sacrifice to his Father. The cross was his altar, and himself both priest and victim. Using the sharp sword of his sufferings, he smote himself, he died upon the cross. We know very well, of course, that God cannot die. But it was not God who died; it was a man intimately united to the word of God, a man who *is* God. And in this free surrender of his life to God the Father, Jesus dedicated not his own divine nature but our nature, a nature which Adam, in blasphemous self-idolatry, had wrenched from union with God.

Now, the Mass is the mystery of the cross. Every day, forever and ever — world without end — the same sacrifice is made. It is essential to note this, that the Mass is not merely a representation or even a representation of Calvary. It is Calvary. Just as though time stood still and we in church were companions of Mary and John and the Magdalen at the Summit of Golgotha. What a nearness to God this is! In each

Mass a mighty intercessor stretches out His arms in the midst of His people; the God-man is with us again and for us makes the same mystic offering that nineteen hundred years ago filled the fountains of God's kindness and caused them to gush forth on our souls. The sacrifice of Calvary was completed when the anguished body could no longer cage the soul and it winged away from earthly existence. The sacrifice of the Mass is completed when the same Christ, brought to the altar by the mighty words of consecration, is wonderfully destroyed in the communion of the priest.

AROUND this central act of religion the Church has organized our worship, here where Christ Jesus, the first born of his brethren, stands at our side. Our prayers and songs, even our instruction, are woven around the Eucharistic sacrifice, so that all of them are made holy by contact with the High Priest eternal, and through him ascend to the sanctuary of the Trinity. "Through him and with him and in him, there comes to thee, God the Father almighty, at one with the Holy Ghost, all honor and glory!"

These closely knit observances of worship, with the sacrifice as the center, compose the *rite* of the Mass, which differs slightly in East and West. The oriental churches have developed a rather gorgeous ceremonial. The rite of the Roman Mass, on the other hand, is eminently practical, but it too has accompaniments that are consciously beautiful and dramatic. Even a quiet Mass, celebrated by a priest almost unattended, without music or pomp, is full of awe and attractiveness. There are really three varying degrees of splendor in the ceremonies of the Mass: the solemn Mass, the simple high Mass, and the low. The first is provided with music and incense and special attendants at the altar, the deacon and subdeacon. Low Mass, at the opposite extreme, said by a priest without the assistance of other sacred ministers, has a simpler ceremonial and no singing or music of any kind. Between these and sharing in the characteristics of both, is the high Mass, often called the chanted Mass. Only one priest officiates, but there is a beautiful framework of musical canticles and recitations.

This chanted Mass, such as you may see every Sunday, is here described. (Or would it be truer to say this description is the revealing of a dream, an ideal?)

AMONGST the persons who officiate at the Mass, the most important is the celebrant, the priest who utters the prayers of consecration and who is the earthly agent through whom the sacrificial act is accomplished. In fact, the celebrant reads nearly all the prayers of the service, even all that is sung by the choir, though that is more or less for the sake of completeness. The priest acts in a dual capacity. Sometimes he is praying merely for himself, endeavoring to prepare his body and soul for the awful mystery before him. But again he is almost lost in the task of mediation, for in his function he also takes the earthly place of Him who is the "High Priest fitted for our needs — holy, guileless, undefiled, set apart from sinners and made higher than the heavens, who hath not need daily, like the high priests, to offer sacrifice first of all for his own sins, and then for those of the people. . . . one who is a Son, forever perfect."

The celebrant is immediately assisted by one or more servers who aid him with the various preparations. They take the place of the ministers, deacon and subdeacon, of a more solemn Mass, and with the priest recite the prayers at the foot of the altar.

The priest is further supported by the liturgical chorus or choir. Four or so of these singers, called cantors or chanters, assume the special role of leading and of singing certain more elaborate passages separately.

Finally, to round out the function and enable the congregation to share its priesthood in the wondrous service, simple refrains and a dialog between priest and people are supplied. For the Mass is not a sort of dumb-show to which the congregation forms the audience. No, if the Mass is a drama at all, it is performed by Christ and the whole church — priest and people — and the audience is God the Father in heaven.

Thus due provision is made for each member of the Body to join in the active praise of the whole in accordance with his status and musical skill.

IN THE Mass you can clearly distinguish two parts: up to the Creed inclusive is one part, the Fore-Mass; the rest of the ceremony, which forms the Mass proper, is the second. The Fore-Mass is called the "Mass of the Catechumens" because at it all could assist, even those who were still under instruction and not yet baptized. It may be described as merely devotional and instructional, for the prayers, psalms,

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and readings in it are not essential to the sacrificial observance which follows. This part of the function dates substantially from ancient Israel; it survives from the type of worship usual in the Jewish synagogues on which the early Christians modelled their gatherings for worship and the "breaking of the bread." Next comes the Mass proper, called "Mass of the Faithful" because, it is said, only the baptized at one time attended. It is composed of prayers and formulae grouped round the central act of consecrating the bread and wine as the Body and Blood of Christ. This is *the* Mass, the service Jesus commanded us to perform when, the day before He suffered, He took bread, broke it, and gave it to His apostles with the words: "This is my body;" and after He had similarly blessed and distributed the chalice of His Blood, He concluded: "Do this in memory of me."

The characters of these two parts are clearly seen in the symbols which of old were used to represent them. For the Fore-Mass the book, the missal, was the symbol, and for the Mass proper, the host and chalice.

In the sketch appended, the several divisions of the Mass are more plainly shown. It will be noticed that not a few of the items are marked as "proper," that is, as variable in their texts from day to day, in accordance with the nature of the calendar solemnity. It is because of this variation in a considerable portion of the liturgical text that we can regard each separate day or feast as having its own Mass. Although the forms and words used for the sacrifice are always the same, the changes in other parts of the observance permit us to use such a designation as "Mass of Easter" or "First Mass of Christmas."

The completed structure of the Roman rite is the result of a somewhat complicated fusion and a long accretion. The central service was present from the beginning, of course, and the chief prayers and chants were fixed during the first Christian centuries. But later, as will be detailed in a future article, fresh forms of prayer were adopted, and more conspicuously, several striking elements of ceremonial. Private devotions and the practices of local churches overlaid the sober directness of Rome itself with the sensuousness and imaginative splendor of other customs of Eucharistic worship in east and west, so that the present Roman Mass is a blend whose variety can please every taste and solace every need. Some of this variety the accompanying outline suggests.

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I. THE FORE-MASS: THE PRAYER MEETING.

A. *Prelude.*

1. Preparation in the sacristy.
2. Prayers at the foot of the altar. (priest and servers)

B. *The Gathering for Worship and Instruction.*

3. Introductory chant: *Introit*, proper. (chanters and chorus)
4. Supplication: *Kyrie eleison*. (chorus or people)
5. Angelic hymn: *Gloria in excelsis Deo*. (chorus or people)
6. Prayers called "Collects," proper. (priest)
7. Reading of the "Epistle," proper. (priest)
8. Intermediate chants: (chanters and chorus)
 - a. *Gradual*, proper.
 - b. *Alleluia* verse, proper — or *Tract*, proper.
9. Sequence, proper. (chorus)
10. Invocation and blessing: *Munda cor meum*. (priest)
Jube, Domine, benedicere.
11. Reading of the "Gospel," proper. (priest)
12. Sermon or Homily. (priest)
13. Creed, called *Credo*. (chorus or people)

II. THE MASS PROPER: THE SUPPER SACRIFICE

C. *The Offertory or Oblation.*

14. Greeting. (priest)
15. Offertory chant, proper. (chorus)
16. Offertory prayers: (priest)
 - a. Offering of the host: *Suscipe, sancte Pater*.
 - b. Blessing of the water: *Deus qui humane substantiae*.
 - c. Offering of the chalice: *Offerimus*.
 - d. Offering of ourselves: *In spiritu humilitatis*.
 - e. Prayer to the Holy Ghost: *Veni, Sanctificator*.
17. Washing of the hands.
18. Summation prayers:
 - a. *Suscipe, sancta Trinitas*. (priest)
 - b. *Orate and Suscipiat*. (priest and servers)
19. "Secret" Prayers, proper. (priest)

D. *The Eucharistic Prayer or Canon.*

20. Preface, proper. (priest and people)
21. *Sanctus*, chant. (chorus or people)
22. Prayers before the consecration: (priest)
 - a. Prayer for the Church.
 - b. Interpolated memento of the living.
 - c. Memorial of the Blessed Virgin and other Saints.
 - d. Recommendation of the oblation: *Hanc, igitur*.
 - e. Invocation for the consecration: *Quam oblationem*.
23. The consecration of the bread and wine. (priest)
24. Prayers after the consecration: (priest)
 - a. Memorial of Christ's life.
 - b. An offering.
 - c. Another prayer of invocation.
 - d. Memento of the dead.

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- e. Prayer for ourselves.
- f. Prayer for goods of earth.
- 25. The concluding doxology. (priest)
- E. *The Sacrificial Meal.*
- 26. The Lord's Prayer and its conclusion. (priest and people)
- 27. Preparation for communion:
 - a. Breaking of the host and commingling. (priest and people)
 - b. *Agnus Dei.* (chorus or people)
 - c. Prayers of private preparation. (priest)
- 28. The communion:
 - a. Communion of the priest.
 - b. Communion of the people.
 - c. Communion chant, proper. (chorus)
- 29. Ablution prayers. (priest)
- 30. Post-communion prayers, proper. (priest)
- F. *Close of the Rite.*
- 31. Dismissal.
- 32. Blessing.
- 33. Thanksgiving:
 - a. Public reading of the Gospel.
 - b. Private prayers in the sacristy.

ALL TO ALL

The missionaries in Nigeria have adjusted their language to that of the people for whose souls they are working. Their language happens to be pidgen English. Prayer books and catechism have been published in that peculiar style, so that the people will understand. Here is the wording of the ten commandments in these publications, according to the *Catholic Herald* of England:

- 1. I be God your Master. No get other God only Me.
- 2. No talk God name for nothing.
- 3. Keep Sunday.
- 4. Hear for your father and your mother.
- 5. No kill.
- 6. No make bad.
- 7. No thief.
- 8. No lie.
- 9. No want other man his woman.
- 10. No want other man his things.

SUMMONED AT NOON

SANCTITY AMONG OUR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

PIER GIORGIO FRASSATI: A CHALLENGE TO YOUTH

Aug. T. Zeller, C.Ss.R.

ON SATURDAY, July 4, 1925, died Pier Giorgio Frassati, aged twenty-four, a student of the School of Engineering at the University of Turin, Italy. It was the eve of his graduation.

The original Italian biography of this young man has already passed through several editions; a seventh edition of 60,000 copies was issued in 1933. Meanwhile Polish, German and French translations have appeared and adaptations of this book in Spanish, Dutch and Portuguese. In 1932 the first steps were taken towards the introduction of the cause of his beatification.

After his death a Socialist paper, published in Milan, carried the following tribute:

"He was a man in the full sense of the word, that twenty-four year old lad, whom death, coming stealthily like a thief in the night, struck down and snatched away so ruthlessly. What we have heard of Pier Giorgio Frassati is so novel and so unusual that it fills even those of us who do not share his faith with a sense of reverence and wonder. Young and wealthy, he chose of his own free will a life of hard work for the benefit of others. He professed his belief in God openly, viewing his religious convictions as a soldier in active duty does his uniform, which he wears always and never exchanges for another dress either for convenience's sake or out of motives of self-interest, or feelings of human respect.

"A Catholic out of personal conviction and a member of the Catholic University Students' Club in his town, he openly challenged the gibes and sneers of the skeptical, the shallow minded and openly materialistic amongst his fellow students by taking part in religious processions and walking beside the baldachino of the Archbishop on solemn occasions.

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"When all this is the calm, firm, outward manifestation of honest conviction and not an empty display of officiousness made simply out of motives of self-interest, it is both fine and worthy of admiration. But how can one distinguish 'conviction' from 'affectation'?"

"Well, the touchstone with which to judge the value of a man's words and actions is to be found in his life. This Catholic youth was a true Christian, whose mysticism found an outlet in touching deeds of human charity and sincere acts of piety.

"He was well balanced in mind and physically robust, fond of exercise and mountain-climbing. In times like ours, this intransigent Christian, who acted logically in conformity with his beliefs, can teach a lesson to us all."

Who was Pier Giorgio Frassati?

He was born in Turin, Italy, on Holy Saturday, April 6, 1901. He was not a prodigy of infant virtue—on the other hand—he had evident childish faults—such as a headstrong, impulsive temperament, no sense of the value of time, no inclination for order or tidiness—faults which if not checked in time, would have been very grave.

Fortunately, they were checked, thanks to his truly Christian mother. Her method many mothers would call strict—too strict in fact—yet Pier Giorgio, the man, must be the full justification for it. He had throughout his life an intense affection for his mother—indeed, to him she represented the "presence of God."

Until her children were 16, she did not wish them to go to dances or movies, not even during vacation. When they were older and their characters well-formed, she allowed them a reasonable degree of liberty. She began her training when they had scarcely learned to lisp a few baby words. "When she said 'No,' it was final and the children knew that neither tears, nor playful tricks, would ever make her alter her decision. She avoided bringing them sweetmeats or presents except on very special occasions."

The results? A few incidents may illustrate. Once his mother discovered him impatiently pacing up and down the library.

"Oh, Mother, here you are at last!" he cried, as he saw her. "I was waiting to ask you to look at the complete edition of the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto. I want to read a canto in it, which is left out in my edition, for an essay which I have to write for school." The volume was within easy reach with other Italian classics on the open book-

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shelf; but the boy, though between 14 and 15 years old, would never have taken it down without his mother's permission.

His sister, Luciana, who studied with him up to the time he went to the University, wrote of him:

"I never saw Pier Giorgio with a book in his hands which was not a good one. Nor did I ever see him feverishly turning over the pages of books or dictionaries, simply out of morbid unhealthy curiosity. Had his mother marked with a pencil any particular paragraph in a book which she did not want him to read, he would have skipped it."

His father, though Senator in the Italian parliament and proprietor and editor of the *Stampa*, a great Liberal daily, was playmate to his children. In the evening Pier Giorgio and Luciana would go down to the offices of the *Stampa* to fetch him home. On the way back, down the broad avenues of the city, all three would play hide-and-seek, vanishing mysteriously behind tree-trunks or diving into doorways.

But he was a man, as Pier Giorgio said, of brains and energy, an honest straightforward character — and for this he was proud of him. No wonder Pier grew up afire with enthusiasm for everything fine and noble.

When the boy was nine years old, his mother engaged Father Cojazzi, a Salesian priest, as private tutor. Father Cojazzi says:

"I remember that their mother sought my help in instilling into her children — to quote her own expression — a 'sensus Christi' or sense of Christ. So she authorized me to pass beyond the strict limits of lessons and homework. Hence my spiritual talks with the children."

At the end of his first lesson, Father Cojazzi tells us, little Pier Giorgio jumped out of his chair and came and stood in front of me in his black pinafore, his arms folded, fixing me with his lustrous eyes.

"And now, Father," he said, "tell me a story about Jesus!"

What a world of previous training this request reveals! Pier's mother must have been a real teacher-mother. Father Cojazzi goes on to tell:

"When I finished the story on a note of joy — telling him of the love of Jesus for little children, or His praise of birds or flowers or sheep — then the child's face would light up with a smile, which said plainly, without need of words: 'How beautiful that is!' If instead I spoke to him of the piteous state of the sick or hungry and of the miracles performed by the Redeemer to soften the sharp edge of human

suffering, then a shadow would pass over his features and big tears would roll down his cheeks. He would wipe them away quietly, without showing any sense of shame or humiliation at my seeing him cry. He was brought up never to act against his real feelings, if they were honest and healthy." This saved him from sentimental mooning and romantic day-dreams.

THE END OF BOYHOOD

There is always a critical time in the life of a boy when he passes from boyhood to youth,—a crisis that often ends in moral disaster because the sources of love are poisoned by some sinful experience. They are all the more dangerous because secret.

Pier Giorgio, too, passed through it. In February, 1917, when he was not quite 16 years old, his mother discovered one day amongst his letters a note in his handwriting, containing words of a questionable nature addressed to a school friend. She felt alarmed. "Here's the dread crisis," she thought. She visualized her handsome boy, a picture of health in mind and body, with the white radiance of his soul besmirched with the filth of the world.

She called him and spoke to him sincerely about the affair. He did not seem to grasp her meaning. At least he showed no remorse. She went to see the mothers of the other two boys involved. At last they succeeded in getting them to make a clear breast of the matter. It was an escapade not serious in itself, but that might have led to serious consequences. The three boys chanced to meet two girls, who were rather forward. They took a cab and drove with them to a restaurant in one of the public parks of Turin. The mothers of the other two boys embraced their sons and bestowed on their tear-stained cheeks a kiss of forgiveness. Not so Pier Giorgio's mother.

This seemed cruel to the others. But she had seen in her son no sign of sincere repentance so she deprived him the kiss of forgiveness. This was providential. A few days later, as she was sitting in her room, the door was suddenly flung wide open and Pier Giorgio, with shining eyes, burst in exclaiming: "Mother, forgive me; I didn't know what I was doing. I promise you, I will never do it again."

What a load fell from her heart! Perhaps he had gone to confession and his confessor had given him wise advice; no doubt he had reflected and prayed over his mother's sorrow. At any rate, here was his decision; and what Pier said, he meant: never again. These words be-

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came his program for life. Until his death, he lived in the presence of God.

And yet this trial had two important effects on his character. First it bred in him true humility. When, in later years, anyone praised him for his piety and faith, he would answer simply: "I have not always been like this. I, too, have had moments in my life which were not edifying, when I was at High School. If God had not touched my heart, who knows what might have become of me." His delicate conscience, of course, made him regard even this fault as serious; but that is a characteristic of all who strive towards the ideal of Catholic life.

The second effect that is quite noticeable in his life is, that it taught him, thus by practical experience, how valuable frequent communion and regular confession are.

From this day purity, which till now had been a gift of God, the innocence of untried childhood, became a virtue; from that day began his real spiritual life — conscious of his goal, conscious of struggles and victories.

THE WORLD IN WHICH HE LIVED

Pier Giorgio's life coincides with the end of a chapter in the religious history of Italy. That chapter, — the years when the Pope was a "prisoner" in the Vatican, — was definitely closed in February, 1929, by the Lateran Treaty; it had begun in 1870 when the troops of Victor Emmanuel III under Garibaldi entered the city of Rome and completed the seizure of the Papal States. Those long years were marked by tension between Church and State. We can not at all, I can safely say, understand what trying times those must have been for a people, still Catholic, living in a State they could not help loving as Italians, under a government that had committed an unpardonable outrage on the Holy See, under a government that was growing steadily more un-Christian. a government that took the crucifix out of schools and Universities. This was just a symbol, it is true; the reality was the stark de-Christianizing of education.

Here was a problem for faithful children of the Church, complicated, difficult, delicate. There were not wanting men of learning and ability who labored to restore peace and Christianity to Italian public life: men like Paganuzzi, Toniolo, Necchi, Ferrini — men reputed for their learning and for the holiness of their character. The movement

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they inaugurated is known as the "Risorgimento" — the "Revival of the Faith." Theirs was a threefold objective — the solution of the Roman question, the settlement of the Social question and the re-baptism of education — the first step being the creation of a Catholic University.

In this world Pier Giorgio spent his whole life. In his own family, concerting for every youth in Italy. His mother was genuinely devout — he could not help noticing the contrast, that must have been very dis-as we have seen, a model Catholic mother. His father, splendid character though he was and fundamentally Catholic, was a prominent Liberal of his day, — both in his activity in the Italian Senate and in his work as editor of the daily paper the *Stampa* (The Press). He stood squarely on the side of the State against the Church.

We have seen how the mother formed his character in his younger years — by finding private tutors and sending him to private Catholic Schools — thus shielding him from the influence of the un-Christian public education. Despite the wealth of the family, it was her training that made him really "poor in spirit" — able to move among the poorest as one of them, and sensitive of the sufferings of the poor. This was the characteristic note of his whole life. Her training too laid the foundation of that strong faith, that later made even the enemies of the Faith respect him as a "man of conviction." This he was able to show especially during his days at the university.

(To be continued)

HAPPINESS CLAUSE

The big salaries of Hollywood are thought by many to be the key to the happiest of lives. How they envy those favored actors who receive four figured salary checks for a week's work, sometimes for a week's idleness. But the real cost of happiness this anecdote reveals:

Not long ago, Freddie Bartholomew, 13 year old star, signed a new contract with his studio by which he is to receive \$98,000 a year for his work. But he refused to sign it without a "happiness clause." He himself tells what it was:

"I made Mr. Mayer sign a contract under which I am to receive one dollar a week pocket money to spend myself."

In other words, \$98,000 a year is just a bore. Give a man a few pennies to jingle in his pocket and he can be happy.

Quadragesimo Anno

THE ENCYCLICAL: THE FORTIETH YEAR

Translation and Comments by R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

The foregoing condemnations, thus promulgated and confirmed anew by Our solemn authority, can be equally applied to a certain modern Socialist activity, quite unknown before our day, but now being taken up by many Socialistic sects. The main feature of this activity is its emphasis on education. Little children, won and captivated by a show of kindness, are its chief victims; but it also seeks to influence the masses of mankind by educating men and women into well-trained Socialists who will then be able to go out and mould the whole world on the Socialistic plan.

The fundamental principles and objects guiding Christian education were laid down by Us in great detail in Our Encyclical on Christian Education. How completely the activities and aims of this Socialistic system of education and training are at variance with these Christian principles and aims requires no deep proof or explanation; nothing could be plainer or more obvious. Notwithstanding this, the fearful evils which it threatens to the world seem to be unrecognized or else underestimated by certain individuals: by those namely: who make no effort whatsoever in the way of counteracting them with all the skill and courage that the serious situation demands. It is Our Pastoral duty to warn such individuals that they are confronted by an extraordinarily grave danger; let them and all the world bear well in mind that the parent of this Socialistic system of education and training was Liberalism, and its offspring will be "Bolshevism."

QUESTIONS ABOUT "THE FORTIETH YEAR"

In speaking of the "Socialist system of education and training," what does Pius XI do?

Two things: *first*, describes, and *secondly*, condemns it.

In "describing" it, what does he do?

After declaring at the very outset that it is to be condemned the same as Socialism in general, he does four things: *first*, states that it is of recent origin; *secondly*, that it has spread to "many Socialistic sects"; *thirdly*, that it is an educational or propagandizing activity; aiming at the formation of Socialists; and *fourthly*, that it is directed mainly to children, but also to adults.

When and how did it originate?

Comrade Anton Aftisch, an Austrian Socialist, inaugurated it in Austria in 1908 by forming groups of children who were to be educated into Socialists, in imitation of the Church's system of education of children into good Catholics. These groups of children with their instructors were called "The Children's Friends."

What of its spread?

The "many Socialistic sects" which took it up were the various shades of pink and red Socialists and Communists all over Europe and the Americas who saw the need of training the young, and introduced it, especially after the war. In 1928 there were statistics to show that in Europe alone there were about 135,000 children being systematically trained in Socialism by means of these groups.

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What of its status at the present day?

It has been taken over almost entirely, it seems, by Russian Communism, and forms part of the propaganda activity of the Third International. In the Encyclical "Atheistic Communism," n. 17, Pius XI thus describes it as it was in March 1937: It is "a propaganda so truly diabolical that the world has perhaps never witnessed its like before. It is directed from one common center. It is shrewdly adapted to the varying conditions of diverse peoples. It has at its disposal great financial resources, gigantic organizations, international congresses, and countless trained workers. It makes use of newspapers, magazines, and pamphlets, of cinema, theater, and radio, of schools, and even universities. Little by little it penetrates into all classes of the people, and reaches even the better-minded groups of the community, with the result that few are aware of the poison which increasingly pervades their minds and hearts."

How does it manifest its educational and propagandizing activity?

The *educational*, by various clubs, societies, unions, alliances, etc.; and the *propagandizing*, by means of newspapers, magazines, books, theater, and radio; and schools and universities.

What are some of these clubs etc., in the United States today?

They may be grouped in four classes: for the "intelligentsia," for the workers, for students, and for youths and children.

What are some clubs for the "intelligentsia"?

The Society for Cultural Relations with Soviet Russia, League of Professional Groups (Professors, Writers, etc.), National Cultural Council, Drama League of America, Nature's Friends, the various John Reed Clubs, American League against War and Fascism, National Civil Liberties Union, etc.

What are some for the workers?

New Masses Clubs, Workers' Forums, Reading Clubs, Camps, Schools. These camps are located in 32 United States Cities; the Schools in more than 200.

What are some for students?

National Student League, American Student Union, etc. This latter claimed 30,000 members in 1937.

What are some for youths and children?

Young Communist International; Young Communist League, and its offshoot, The American Youth Congress; Young Pioneers of America; National Legion of Youth Against War; National Youth Committee against War and Fascism, etc.

Just how do they "win children by kindness"?

They promote *Summer Camps*: in 1935 they conducted at least 32 of them in New York state alone, 15,000 young Communists are turned out annually from these camps; also, *Homeless Youth Homes*, and *Communist Sports International*. In each of these groups, an important part of the activities consists in training the boys and girls in hatred of God and country.

Do they do anything similar to win older folk?

Yes; various clubs they promote are: Woman's Gymnastic and Sport Alliance, Labor Sports Union of America, the Mothers' League, Drama League of America, Workers' Music League, Young Workers' Dance League, Workers' Sick and Death Benefit Fund of United States of America, Working Men's Society, Benevolent and Educational Federation, National Unemployment Councils, etc.

How do the Communists carry on their "propagandizing" activities?

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As the Pope says in the Encyclical on Atheistic Communism, n. 17: "It makes use of newspapers, magazines, and pamphlets, of cinema, theater, and radio, of schools, and even universities."

How does it make use of "newspapers," in the United States?

It has its own international press service, called *Imprecorr*—International Press Correspondence, published every week in English; American daily papers seem to draw heavily on this *Imprecorr*, at least to judge by the volume of Red propaganda they publish on the Spanish situation. Besides, there is the *Daily Worker*, published in New York, with a circulation between 50,000 and 100,000; this is the central organ of the Communist Party in the United States; also, the *Sunday Worker*, *Southern Worker*, etc.

How does it make use of magazines?

There are magazines for *children and youth*, such as *New Pioneer*, *Champion of Youth*, *Upsurge*, *Student Advocate*, etc.; others for the *ordinary people*, such as, *New Masses*, *Communist*, *Party Organizer*, *Negro Worker*, *Economic Notes*, *Labor Notes*, *Labor Defender*, *Woman Today*, *Sovietland*, *Soviet Russia Today*, etc.; also *United Front periodicals*, such as the *Fight against War and Fascism*, *Social Frontiers*, *Voice of China*, *China Today*, *Rural Worker*, *Farm Holiday News*, *Social Work Today*; and finally, *cultural and scientific periodicals*, such as *Art Front*, *Science and Society*, *International Literature*, *New Theater and Film*, *Theater Workshop*, *Photo-History*, *Health and Hygiene*, etc.

How does it make use of "pamphlets"?

There are *Communist Book Shops* in at least 50 cities in the United States, selling the greatest variety of Communist pamphlets and books. The pamphlets are sometimes only a cent or two apiece; as to the books, the same volume often has two prices, one considerably higher than the other; the idea evidently being that if the rich capitalist or bourgeois wants to give his money to the Moscow International for the book, they will take all they can get; but by means of the low price they will also make the volume available to the poor proletarian. *Communist Publishers* are: *International Publishers*, and *Workers' Library Publishers*: *Bookniga* corporation is an importing and distributing agency; the *Vanguard Press* also publishes a good deal of Communist literature.

How does it make use of "cinema, theater, and radio"?

Various Communist *films*, glorifying conditions in Russia or justifying the Red revolution in Spain, have been circulated in the United States; as to the *Theater*, there are numerous Communist clubs promoting theatrical activities, such as the *Theater Club*, *Theater Guild*, *Workers' Theaters*, *Workers' Dramatic League*, etc.; these specialize, of course, in Communist productions; as to the *radio*, this is more evident in Europe than in America; Moscow blares all over Europe, in many languages; in the United States, however, there are also Communist speeches and programs.

How does it make use of "schools and universities"?

In *schools*, by promoting the *National Student League*, *American Student Union*, etc.; and in *Universities*, there is evidence to show that professors are subsidized by Moscow to talk in favor of Communism.

What is a striking characteristic of all this propaganda?

The extraordinary amount of fake and fraud it contains. Russia today is painted as *Paradise*; Spain under General Franco is described as groaning under tyranny; the Reds in Spain are called "democrats"; fake newsreels are

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taken—for instance, in Red Spain, some local Red brigands dress up piously in stolen vestments and then march in procession before the newsreel cameras—thus proving that the Church is not persecuted in Red Spain.

In "condemning" the Socialist system of education and training, what does Pius XI do?

Three things: *first*, actually condemns it by referring to the contrast between its activities and aims and the principles and aims of Christian education; *secondly*, also condemns certain careless individuals who let the activities of this systematic propaganda go unchecked; and *thirdly*, gives a serious warning of the evils following on such propaganda.

What are the principles and objects of Christian education referred to here?

They are given in the Encyclical on Christian education, issued by Pius XI, December 31, 1929. According to that Encyclical, the general objects are to form true Christians and useful citizens; in particular, the Pope defines and describes education in these terms: "Since education consists essentially in preparing man for what he must *be* and for what he must *do* here below, in order to attain the sublime end for which he was created, it is clear that there can be no true education which is not wholly directed to man's last end, and that in the present order of Providence, since God has revealed Himself to us in the Person of His Only Begotten Son, Who alone is 'the way, the truth, and the life,' there can be no ideally perfect education which is not Christian education."

What are the activities and aims of this Socialist or Communist propaganda system which put it "at variance with these Christian principles and aims?"

Instead of having as its object the formation of "true Christian and useful citizens," it seeks to train militant atheists and haters of flag and country. Hence there is "no need of proof or explanation" to show its opposition to the "Christian principles and aims."

What are the "fearful evils" of which the Pope speaks?

He gave this warning in 1931; a glance at the history of Spain since that date, especially in 1936, shows what are the "fearful evils" which he only too plainly foresaw.

Who are the "certain individuals" who ignore or underestimate these evils?

They are the rulers of nations and *public authorities* generally, who let this Communist propaganda go unchecked; also the *public press*, which allows itself to be victimized into printing any and all kinds of Communist propaganda; and finally, even *Catholic authorities*, who fail in their duty of caring for Catholic youth, especially those who have left Catholic schools, or are in public grammar or high schools.

Just how should they counteract these evils "with skill and courage"?

Public authorities should investigate and prohibit Communist propaganda as *subversive and treasonable*; the press should use a little skill in sifting propaganda from news, and a little courage in meeting the consequent outcries of Communists: because if Communist propaganda succeeds, the very *freedom of the press will disappear*; and Church authorities should use skill and courage in forming *instruction classes and groups like the C.Y.O.*, especially for young people not in Catholic schools.

How is Liberalism the parent of Socialist or Communist propaganda?

Because under Liberalism, every individual is free to do whatever he pleases; hence no check can be put on Communist propaganda, and it develops rapidly into

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"Bolshevism." The Pope here indicates that Liberalism itself must be corrected, and certain bars must be put on the freedom at least of Communists, if the world is to be saved from "Bolshevism."

What is "Bolshevism?"

It was the name generally given the Russian Communists in the first years of the Red Revolution—1918 to 1925; as generally used, and as the Pope takes it here, it characterizes the bloodthirsty and destructive nature of Communism. Bloodthirsty and destructive indeed has been the Bolshevism which in 1934-37 followed Communist propaganda in Spain.

PURPOSE IN PAIN

The next time you have a severe toothache, or a touch of rheumatism, or shooting pains in the back, or a splitting headache, besides making an act of spiritual and penitential resignation, ponder carefully these words of Dr. Henry J. Dowd, Buffalo nerve specialist:

"Pain is a blessing to humanity. Hundreds of thousands of individuals now living would be dead had it not been for pain. For it is pain which directs the physician to the underlying source of disease. It must be remembered that a baby cannot speak before it is a year or so old. Its word for hunger is a cry or yell. The same may be said for nerve cells; they cannot speak. Their word for irritation or under-nutrition is pain."

Then you can console yourself by saying: "I might be dead if it were not for this pain announcing where there is a weak point in my armor of life."

LIES OF MODERN LIFE

The well known convert historian, Ross Hoffman, addressing the graduation class of a girls' academy last June, told them of a number of lies on which modern life and society are built and charged them to recognize, expose and refute them. Some of the lies are the following:

1. There are no laws of life: nothing is either wrong or right but thinking makes it so.
2. There is no responsibility: one's life is utterly one's own.
3. Modernity is always to be equated with enlightenment. The fad or fashion of a moment is always superior to a virtue that is of the past.
4. The main business of life is the pursuit of pleasure.
5. Sex needs no special safeguards but is on all fours with any other animal inclination, such as eating or sleeping.
6. Human beings require liberty, but not discipline.

THUMBNAIL HISTORY — THE CRIB

The following are the highlights in the development of the practice of having Christmas cribs in churches and homes to celebrate the Nativity of Christ:

1. Some writers say that the erection of cribs dates back to the earliest days of Christianity. They base their belief on certain passages in the writings of the early Fathers like this one from St. Gregory the Wonder-worker, who lived about 400: "My eyes rest on the carpenter and the crib; the little Infant and the Virgin Mother! . . . the Infant in its swaddling clothes, lying in the manger, while Mary and Joseph stand close by." Others say these passages are only rhetorical expressions.

2. Others say the custom of having cribs surely existed in the early middle ages, when in the "Mystery Plays" the Christmas scene was so often dramatized before the altar. This is certain by 1100.

3. Many give St. Francis of Assisi (13th century) credit for the first crib, just as he is given credit for having the first Midnight Mass celebrated.

4. It is certain that cribs were commonly used at Christmas time from 1400 on, because many customs centering about them are recorded. In the early 15th century in Germany began the practice of placing the "Infant" in the manger during the Gospel of the Mass, while the people sang hymns.

5. England, France and Spain further elaborated the German custom in the 15th century, and had marionettes (figures moved by strings) in their cribs. This practice was soon forbidden by Church authorities.

6. From that time on the cribs used were much as we have them today—simple representations of the stable scene at Bethlehem. There is a very early record of a commission given to workmen to make the following figures for a crib in the Augustinian Church in Rome: Mary, Joseph, the Child Jesus, 3 shepherds, an ox, an ass, 12 sheep, 2 dogs, 2 prophets, and 2 sybils.

7. Cribs in private homes date back centuries. Some of them were very ambitious, representing not only the Nativity, but other scenes in the life of our Lord. Pious Tyrolese were accustomed to spend the whole year, from Christmas to Christmas, at building their cribs, and their work was handed down from generation to generation. A museum in Austria has one of these cribs which has 1,700 single pieces. There are 154 animals and 256 human figures in it. Once a wealthy Roman prelate had his whole home turned into a crib, at a cost of some \$9,000.

8. The Church has always had to watch over the custom carefully to prevent the introduction of abuses. At one time cribs were forbidden in the churches, because the people had been celebrating a carnival around them—with singing, shouting and dancing.

Catholic Anecdotes



NOTHING NEEDED

One day during a public audience granted by Pope Pius IX, there was present a young nobleman who claimed to be a freethinker and who had come to the papal court merely out of curiosity. He scarcely concealed his contempt for religion, flaunting it in his rude bearing and conduct.

At the close of the audience the Holy Father asked each one present if he had a special request. Some had rosaries, medals, etc., to be blessed; another asked for a memento for his parents; all asked for some little favor. Only the young nobleman remained silent with scornful mien, so much so that he attracted the Pope's attention, who came and stood before him.

"Have you no desire at all?" he asked kindly.

"No," was the reply.

"Is your father still alive?"

"Yes."

"And your mother?"

"She is dead."

"Well, then, my son," said the Pope, "if you have no request to make, will you permit that I ask you for something?"

"Well, what is it?" said the young man.

"Kneel down with me, and we shall pray for the repose of the soul of your mother."

The young man was quite beside himself, but as if forced by some strange power, he knelt down with the Holy Father and prayed. . . . As he arose, his eyes were filled with tears, and he left the palace no longer a freethinker, but a Christian.

THE GREAT AND THE LITTLE

There is an anecdote told about the beloved Archbishop Ryan of St. Louis that not only illustrates his own greatness of heart, but reveals one of the qualities of all true greatness.

One bitterly cold day a poor little Russian Jew had picked up along the railroad tracks some scraps of coal dropped from the trains that

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had passed by. The boy was small and weak; the coal was too heavy for his strength, and he stumbled more than once on his homeward journey.

At last, turning a corner hurriedly, he ran into a gentleman of commanding presence and apparent importance. The coal scattered and the dust arose. The frightened boy stooped and began to stammer an apology, but the gentleman with a genial smile broke in.

"I came upon you too suddenly, my little man," and he looked down on the child picking up his fallen treasure. "That load," he continued, "is too much for your small shoulders. I think mine are broader," and he swung the sack to his own shoulder.

The amazed boy led the way and the gentleman carried the load to the poor tenement house, heedless of the dust that crept from the sack at every step.

A few hours later the rabbi visited the tenement, and saw that provisions and coal were left for the half starved family. The boy tried to tell him of the wonderful gentleman who had carried his burden for him:

"His hair was ruddy and he smiled in his eyes. His voice was like silver bells, and he was tall — and as beautiful as God."

The rabbi was deeply touch.

"It was the Catholic bishop," he said. "Never forget to pray for him."

SEEN IN THE GLASS

This parable is translated from the Chinese by *Fu Jen*:

Said the Wise One, who had read much and pondered more:

"What do you behold, O disciple?"

Replied the disciple: "I am gazing through a window and I can see all the world going about its business. I grieve with them and I laugh with them.

Said the Wise One, putting a mirror before the disciple: "What do you see now?"

And the answer was: "Only myself."

"Know then and remember," said the Wise One, "that both are glass, but it is only after you added silver to the glass, that you can see none but yourself."

Pointed Paragraphs

ROAD TO BETHLEHEM

All roads lead to Bethlehem, which is a synonym for Rome. The roads are steep and rough and winding; they have many by-paths to captivate the unwary; they start from far and near; and all men travel upon them: but they all end before a stable in an early Christmas dawn.

This allegory has a very literal meaning. The roads are what we call the different walks of human life. There is the road of the scientist, the road of the philosopher, the road of the business-man, the road of the artist, the road of the ordinary man, "butcher and baker and candle-stick-maker." But every road leads to Bethlehem; only they who permit themselves to be deceived can miss the inevitable goal.

How well the past score of years give proof of this saying. There is no strange and isolated path over which some men have not travelled to find the stable where Christ was born. Great writers like Gilbert Chesterton and Arnold Lunn found it, though they walked a road on which men had dug up the sign-posts pointing to Bethlehem and substituted the impossible directions of Science and Scepticism. Great financiers like John Moody found it, though he wandered a tortuous road where the sign of the dollar gave the only directions. Great statesmen like Paul Claudel found it, though the signs on his road were conceived in deceit and duplicity. Great religious leaders like Bishop Kinsman and Ronald Knox and Seldon Delaney and Vernon Johnson found it, though a maze of false directions had almost made them despair. And thousands of ordinary folk, whose names are not recorded, have walked plain and humble paths straight towards the low archway of the stable where they ended their journey on their knees before God made man.

All roads lead to Bethlehem. May none of us be deceived by directions that point to other goods and other goals. God is our goal, and He chose a stable in which to appear. We need only follow the instinct He gave us, and our road in life will lead us to His manger throne.

WHITEWASHING INDUSTRY

One of the most amazing discoveries of the whole befuddled and bemuddled economic era was recently made public by a spokesman for the Ford Motor Company at the annual Industrial Research Conference held at Columbus, Ohio, in the latter part of October. The speaker was W. J. Cameron, and his statement this:

"Industry has been the sole originator of those improvements of industrial practice that are acknowledged to have lifted the social level."

That in itself was probably a pleasant earful for the industrialists gathered in back-slapping conference. But he went on: "It is generally granted today that improvements have come, of course, but by legislative compulsion. Yet nothing could be more at variance with the facts of History. The ABC of industry is that none of the major industrial evils — child labor, long hours, inhuman working conditions — none of them originated in industry. Industry inherited them.

"They originated in the era of the home crafts which uninformed sentimentalists so highly praise."

In other words, Mr. Cameron would have us believe, before the rise of great factories and plants and manufacturies, etc., people were so used to working long hours, so used to making their children work, so used to being sweated and then starved at their work, that industry just had to let them continue in this way. There was nothing else to be done. Industry inherited a generation of people that wouldn't rest from labor and refused to accept anything but a pittance for their work. Industry really had to brow-beat people into not working so hard and taking a little more money.

This Mr. Cameron may know his Ford Motor Cars, and his job as a public relations expert, but he is missing just two things: 1) Facts, and 2) Logic. What he knows about the home crafts era "which uninformed sentimentalists so highly praise" seems to be nothing; and even if what he says about that era were true — to talk about industry inheriting such a condition is sheer nonsense. Put it down to a smashing publicity stunt — "what do we care for facts or logic."

MOVIES OF SPAIN

You are hearing of motion pictures taken lately in Spain and revealing actual conditions and actual goings on in that country through the

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lens of the unerring camera. But hold! Before you form any hasty judgments based on the eyewitnessing camera consider these anecdotes gathered and pointed out by the *Osservatore Romano*.

The scene is Barcelona, center of Red operations. From one of the Churches of the city a beautiful religious procession is seen issuing forth one bright morning. A stranger in the city remarks to a companion: "Well, there's a proof of religious tolerance in this Red city!" The companion winks and bids him look over his shoulder. He does so, and sees a motion picture camera in operation. He learns that the members of the procession are actors; the ceremony is a frame-up; the purpose is propaganda. He has enough. He walks away.

Another scene. The Convent Church of Our Lady of Pompeii in Barcelona was seized by the Reds on July 18, 1936. Its interior was dismantled and desecrated, and then it was changed into a hospital which it has since been used for. On April 14th of this year, the Reds took one of their movies there. No scenes were taken inside the church, which would have shown barren walls, streaked frescoes, and hospital beds. The scene taken by the camera began on the outer steps of the Church; it showed clergy and nuns marching forth with all the paraphernalia of religious homage. The marchers were thugs and Communists, dressed up as priests and religious, assuming long sorrowful faces as their idea of what religious people looked like at prayer. Caption (no doubt): "religious fervor in Barcelona undiminished since Communist party took possession; above: Church of Our Lady of Pompeii, on a feast of the Virgin."

Another scene: In Gerona, a man whose name is known but withheld for his own safety, is walking in an old quarter of the city of Carolingia when suddenly he comes upon a mob of ferocious "priests," armed to the teeth, looking for Communist victims. His surprise is short-lived, however; he soon spies the camera man, taking movie shots of the dressed up Communists, for release, no doubt, as evidence of the viciousness of the clergy.

This kind of filming of red Spain is going on constantly. Again we warn: Beware of the "truth about Spain" revealed by the eye of the camera.

CATHOLIC EXPERT ON "TRIANGLES"

For a happy change, one of our prominent so-called Catholic writers

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has been given a just appraisal by one who has not allowed a measure of fame and success to dim the remembrance of her Catholic principles. The writer appraised is Mrs. Kathleen Norris; the appraiser is Katherine Burton in her column in *The Sign*.

It is at least a few years now since we have become disgusted over Mrs. Norris' progressive deterioration as a Catholic writer. She gained a well deserved reputation by writing a few novels in which Christian virtues were portrayed not in the too-common pietistic and repellent way, but in the lives of genuine human beings. Then she began to be in great demand; newspaper syndicates asked her to write stories for them; magazines vied with one another for her work. A great change came over her. Gradually the most vicious of all the possible principles adopted by a writer could be seen taking possession of her: Give the people what they want. Triangles, passion vs. fidelity, divorce and home-breaking became standard items in the books of her who got her first fame from a book called "Mother."

Katherine Burton comments rather sadly on this phenomenon of deterioration. We ourselves stopped reading Kathleen Norris long ago, and reading Miss Burton's synopsis of her latest book, we are not sorry.

The heroine, a married woman, mother of two children, falls in love with another man, breaks up her home, marries him. Her husband also marries again. After many sentimental incidents involving five children from four marriages (her own two marriages, her first husband's two marriages, her second husband's first marriage) the heroine finally finds peace in her second marriage, with a great "kindly sympathy" for her first husband over the death of his second wife and the hope that he will marry again soon. . . . A touching effort, this, to quiet the consciences of all those selfish folk who have smashed homes and run through two or three marriages, and, in devastating contradiction of the "realism" of Mrs. Norris, have not yet found peace.

Miss Burton's final comment is direct and caustic. "How can she reconcile her conscience to this sort of thing? It seems to me that sometimes, across the face of one of the large checks which her writing brings her, the writing must fade away before her eyes and instead another amount confronts her — a famous amount — thirty pieces of silver."

Other papers please copy, for the benefit of Catholic readers.

HOW TO HOLD YOUR READERS

Speaking of the vicious principle, "Give the people what they want," we shall never find a better, or crasser, example of its application than in a recent gleeful tale of an American journalist in Russia, related by him in *The Coronet*.

He had the assignment of making American comic strips readable for Russians. The American Syndicate handling these comic strips wanted, of course, to sell them to Russian papers, but could not do so if they remained unchanged. Too many evidences of capitalism, religion, etc., for the Soviet censors to tolerate. So a special job was made of Russianizing the comics.

Examples of what he did with the none-too-cultural-strip, "Tarzan," are given. In his own words:

"From the start it looked bad that Tarzan was the son of an English lord and lady. We could, of course, allow no such snobbishness in a workers' paper. Accordingly, I de-lorded and de-ladied Tarzan's parents, presenting them as modest and democratic Professor So-and-so and his equally un-uppity wife.

"By the end of the strip's first month, there was a wedding scene. Tarzan was getting married in a *Church* ceremony. Most of our readers being strongly anti-priest and anti-church (?), I cut out the entire church scene. In the blank place resulting, I primly explained that the great ape-man and his sweetie were married. The readers took it for granted that it was a civil ceremony.

"Later in the story, there appeared a villain whom Mr. Borroughs had as a Russian. Quite a problem. Yet I emerged triumphant by saying in my text that this particular Russian was a tsarist spy and a White Guard Hang-man. . . . Later another Russian villain bobbed up. . . . I made him a Pole. My Russian readers, who never liked Poles, were delighted."

Now that, we attest, is a splendid way to make money. Give 'em what they want. Foment their hatreds; intensify their paganism; increase their brutality and intolerance; but in the name of all that's sacred to the syndicate, don't displease them. That is the school of thought on which most of our American journalism is founded, and not even the comic strips are safe from the taint.

—■■■■■ LIGUORIANA ■■■■■—

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

PATIENCE

"Patience hath a perfect work." Patience is a perfect sacrifice that we offer to God; because in suffering tribulations and

**From the
"Spouse of
Christ"**

contradictions we do nothing but accept from his hands the cross that He sends us. "A patient man is better than the valiant." He who suffers with patience is better than a valiant man. Some are resolute and courageous in promoting and supporting a pious undertaking, but are not patient in bearing adversity: it would be better for them to be valiant in patience than in the works that they undertake. This earth is a place of merits, and therefore it is not a place of repose, but of toils and pains; for merits are acquired not by rest, but by suffering. All those who live here below (whether saints or sinners) must suffer. Some are in want of one comfort, others of another; some have nobility, but have not property; others abound in riches, but want nobility; others enjoy nobility and wealth, but have not health. In a word, all, even sovereigns, have occasion to suffer; and because they are the most exalted of mortals, their cares and troubles are the most harassing and perplexing.

JESUS SLEEPING

Very short and painful were the slumbers of the Infant Jesus. A manger was His cradle, straw was His bed, and straw His pillow; so that the sleep of Jesus was often interrupted by the hardness of this rough and painful

**From:
Incarnation,
Birth and
Infancy of
Jesus Christ**

little bed, and by the severe cold of the cave. Notwithstanding this, overcome by nature, the sweet Babe from time to time slept amidst His sufferings. But the sleep of Jesus differed much from that of other children; the slumbers of other children are useful for the preservation of life, but not for the operations of the soul, because the soul being buried with the senses in sleep, does not then work; but such was not the sleep of Jesus Christ; "I sleep, and my heart watcheth." His body was asleep, but His soul was watching, because it was united to the Person of the Word, Who could not slumber; nor be lulled to sleep by the senses. The Holy Infant, therefore, slept; but while He slept, He thought of all the sufferings He was to endure for our love during His life and at His death. He thought of the fatigues He was to undergo in Egypt and in Nazareth during His poor and despised life. He thought, then, in particular, of the scourges, of the thorns, of the ignominies, of the agonies, and of that desolate death that He was at last to suffer upon the Cross; and whilst He was sleeping He offered all this to His Eternal Father to obtain for us pardon and salvation. So that our Saviour, even while sleeping, was meriting for us and appeasing His Father, and obtaining graces for us.

My beloved and holy Infant, Thou sleepest, and oh! how much do not Thy slumbers enamour me! With others, sleep is the emblem of death; but in Thee it is the sign of eternal life, because whilst Thou art reposing, Thou art merit-

ing for me eternal salvation. Thou sleepest; but Thy Heart sleeps not, it is thinking of Thy suffering and dying for me. Whilst Thou art sleeping Thou art praying for me, and obtaining for me from God the eternal rest of Paradise. But before Thou dost take me to repose with Thee, as I hope, in Heaven, I desire that Thou shouldst repose for ever in my soul.

PRESENCE OF GOD

It is very conducive to union with God to keep up a continual remembrance of His presence, by reminding ourselves that in every place he sees us, perceives us, surrounds us, and is in us. St. Teresa attributes all our defects to a neglect of this practice; she says: "They all arise from not attending to the presence of God, as though we believed Him to be far off." But this happens because we have but little love for Him: "The true lover," observes the Saint, "is ever mindful of the object of his love."

To keep a remembrance of the divine presence, it is a great help to carry about us some special token of it, or to place such a token in our room or on our table.

Let this remembrance be always accompanied by pious ejaculations, acts of love, or offerings of ourselves to God.

MEEKNESS AND SELF

That great master of meekness, St. Francis de Sales, teaches that it is necessary to practice meekness not only to others, but also to ourselves. After yielding to a fault,

some are indignant with themselves, and give way to disquietude, and in this state of agita-

tion they commit a thousand faults. In troubled water, says St. Aloysius Gonzaga, the devil always finds fish to catch. It is necessary, then, when we perceive that we have fallen into a defect, not to be disturbed (to give way to disquietude after a fault is the effect of our own pride, and of the high opinion we had of our own virtue), but to humble ourselves peacefully, to detest the sin, and instantly to have recourse to God, hoping to receive from him help to avoid a relapse.

AXIOMS

All our wealth lies in prayer; those that pray get anything they desire.

Count that day lost on which you have failed to make mental prayer. St. Theresa used to say: "People who cease to pray are simply throwing themselves into Hell."

Don't let a day pass without reading some spiritual book.

To anyone who ponders the thought that he has deserved hell, every pain seems slight.

An obedient soul is God's delight.

Time is a priceless treasure; for in every moment of time we can acquire treasures of grace and eternal glory.

My Jesus, give me courage and confidence. The devil tries to persuade me that after having so many times neglected Thy grace and Thy love, I ought not lay claim to the happy lot of loving Thee eternally and being loved by Thee in the land of the Saints. But when I recall Thy passion and all the graces that Thou hast given me after my so many faults, I have the firm hope of loving Thee for all eternity.

Book Reviews

BIOGRAPHIES

Saintly Children. Editing and Instructive Biographies of Good and Saintly Children of Our Own Times. From the German of M. Schmidtmayr. By Rev. Winifred Herbst, S.D.S. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Pp. 207. Price, \$2.00.

Again and again we said that in the lives of God's Saints we have an almost endless store of matter for books that will prove interesting as well as helpful for young and old. This is not mere theory or guess. Even when we had nothing but the jejune "Lives of the Saints" from Alban Butler, it was one of the books most in demand. Of late years we have been blessed with lives of the saints that are far more readable and human; I mean, that are not limited to mentioning austerities and visions, but that portray character and daily life. Thus our heroes—for such they are to the young who still are idealistic,—become more concrete, without losing anything of their glamor.

In the present book we have 19 sketches of "good and saintly children" of our own time—ten girls and nine boys. The sketches range from six to twelve pages each and it seems to me the author has shown a fine sense of the child mind in the selection and suppression of details. The children will gladly read these stories from real life and parents will be glad to have them to tell the stories to those too young to read. Longer and more complete accounts of most of these chosen little souls appeared in the *Liguorian* from the pen of the late Father Peter Etzig. The series ran from October, 1931, to July, 1936.

The pictures ought to have been omitted; or better,—clearer and better prints could have been made.—A. T. Z.

JUVENILE FICTION

The Red Flame of Sound. By Rev. Francis E. Benz, A.M., S.T.B. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Pp. 200. Price, \$1.25.

Father Benz is editor of "The Catholic Boy," a magazine that is published

Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinions of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.

monthly in St. Paul. It has been a monthly pleasure to the boys who had the happiness of receiving it. The boys under my charge always ask: Hasn't it come yet? I think that this eagerness is the

best possible evidence that Father Benz, in editing the magazine has caught the exact wave-length, so to speak, of youth's mind and heart.

This gift is illustrated very well in the story he tells under the title of "The Red Flame of Sound." A youth's fancy is proverbially the nimblest and most limitless thing there is. Father Benz rides with it—"with twin motors roaring into the night." Titanic power in the hands of a Communist scientist—an invisible ray controlled by him, able to destroy everything in its path without leaving a trace—two boys and a priest try to cope with it, seemingly in vain. Indeed, there seems to be no way to foil this devilish power. Weird underground caverns, mad flights by plane, frenzied efforts to escape devastating rays—here is the adventure rapid, astounding, terrific. Oh Boy! get your lessons done first—and then read the story.—A. T. Z.

LITURGY

Catholic Liturgy. Its Fundamental Principles. By the Very Rev. Gaspar Lefebvre, O.S.B. Translated by a Benedictine of Stanbrook. New Impression, 1937. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. Pp. 294. Price, \$2.25.

The liturgy is the official worship of the Church. The material with which it works is the treasure store Christ left her: Sacrifice, Sacraments, Scripture, Tradition, and Sacramentals. Thus conceived Liturgy filters down into every nook of our life and gives a co-ordination to our life. "Religion (and liturgy is its public service) will diffuse its divine sap into our whole life," said Cardinal Mercer, "and will effectually help us to carry out the Church's mission to society."

Father Lefebvre is an expert and recognized student of Liturgy. From his vast store of information and from his deep understanding of the Church's Worship,

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he weaves a book that might well be used as a text in High School or for study clubs. In nineteen chapters he discusses all the elements of the Church's Liturgy,—then, in turn, Christ, Mary, Angels, Saints in the Liturgy—and finally Mental Prayer and the Liturgy, Sacred Music and the Latin Language, Liturgical Catechism, Sacred Music and the Latin Language; Liturgy and Sociology and the Missal. Many questions are answered in these chapters. Many things that were more or less of a mystery to many people are explained. Of course, as is to be expected in a book of this character, the answers and explanations are not exhaustive. Choice had to be made and limits set—with which some may not be satisfied.—A. T. Z.

The New Roman Missal. Edited by Rev. F. X. Lasance. Published by Benziger Bros. 1,852 pages. Price, imitation leather, red edges, $4\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 $\frac{5}{8}$. \$3.25. Other bindings, \$4.00 to \$10.00.

This is by far the most elaborate English (with Latin throughout) Missal published up to now. It is not only a Missal, but a thorough study of the Mass for beginners. The text of the Missal is preceded by 101 pages of explanation, with illustrative cuts, of the various parts of the Mass; it is followed by over 200 pages of explanatory material on the liturgical year, on the various "stations" of the liturgy, on the saints celebrated in the calendar, etc. The type used throughout is especially clear and readable, and the Canon of the Mass is made easy to follow by a new device (for Missals)—giving pictures of the position of the priest at the altar for the various parts. This, we believe, is the Missal that should be used especially by those who are leaders in the liturgical movement, those lay people who are doing the excellent work of introducing the use of the Missal to others. For any person who is enthusiastic over the growing practice of "praying the Mass," this beautiful Missal will be a cherished Christmas present. It has between its covers the material for an ever increasing understanding and appreciation of the Mass.—D. F. M.

DEVOTION

Our Blessed Mother. By the Rev. P. M. Enders. Published by Fred. Pustet Co. 78 pages.

Three excellent chapters are here given on the place divinely given to Mary in

the scheme of man's salvation. The writer brings out forcefully the solid foundations on which rest universal Catholic devotion to the Mother of God. We feel inclined, however, to cavil at his statement that up to now, Mary's office as "our mother" has not been rightly appreciated. Surely he has not read the writings of St. Bernard or of St. Alphonsus, if he is of opinion that addressing Mary as "my Mother" or "our Mother" is an unusual or little known practice; the personal, filial prayers of these two saints are almost standard now throughout the Catholic world. It is true, however, that wider appreciation of the meaning behind Mary's office as mother of us all, will bring about more copious Redemption. Toward the spread of such appreciation the author writes and writes well.—D. F. M.

SOCIAL JUSTICE

The New Social Catholicism. By Paul Hanly Fursey, Ph.D. Pamphlet. International Catholic Truth Society. 24 pages. 10 cents; \$7.00 per hundred.

This pamphlet, written in Fr. Fursey's deeply earnest and sincere style, is an appeal for the "personalist revolution"—i.e., the practice of the Christian social virtues by each individual person—as the all-important factor in the "movement looking toward a more truly Christian world." This is unquestionably the prime requisite, and is urged as such by the Popes; but it almost seems that Fr. Fursey is too sceptical and negligent of other forms of activity, such as government action and the proper organization of business life. These external things, it should be noted, receive far more attention in the social Encyclicals than does the "personalist" element. Fr. Fursey also puts Italian Fascism on the same plane as German Nazi-ism; which is unfair, to say the least, to Italian Fascism; and his almost complete denial of the possibility of a just war in the modern world can hardly be sustained after the recent Letter of the Spanish Bishops on the Spanish situation.—R. J. M.

Words of Encouragement. By Very Rev. John E. Mullett, V.F. A letter to one who has drifted away from his Catholic faith, recalling to his mind what he has lost and tossed aside by his negligence, and how easy it would be to return and find peace.—D. F. M.



Catholic Events



Persons:

His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, has issued an apostolic letter to the bishops of the United States in which he reminds them of the approaching golden jubilee of the establishment of the Catholic University at Washington two years from now. He recommends that during these two years "plans be concerted and realized in the respective dioceses to give to the claims of that institution priority over all appeals other than those of established tradition and strict necessity." The pope emphasizes the need of expanding the Catholic University to meet the new and urgent demands that are being made.

Five New Cardinals will be created by Pope Pius XI at a secret consistory to be held December 13. They are : Archbishop *Giuseppe Pizzardo*, secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs; *the Most Rev. Arthur Hinsley*, Archbishop of Westminster, England; *the Most Rev. Pierre Gerlier*, Archbishop of Lyon, France; *the Most Rev. Adeodati Giovanni Piazza*, Patriarch of Venice; and *the Most Rev. Ermenegildo Pellegrinetti*, Papal nuncio to Yugoslavia.

The Most Rev. James E. Kearney, former New York pastor, and then bishop of Salt Lake City, has been installed as bishop of Rochester, N. Y., to succeed Archbishop Mooney recently transferred to Detroit.

The Most Rev. Eugene J. McGuiness, former vice-president and general secretary of the Catholic Church Extension Society, has been named bishop of Raleigh, N. C., to succeed Bishop Hafey. He will be consecrated December 21st, and installed on January 6th.

The Catholic Press Association's Library Awards Foundation has announced that five prizes of \$300, \$250, \$200, \$150, and \$100, will be given this year for the five best theses written on the subject of the Catholic Press in the United States. The theses must be prepared in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a graduate degree, must be accepted by the universities to which submitted, and must be accompanied by evidence of such acceptance. The contest is intended to interest university students especially, who may write on any period, portion or notable figures in the history of the Catholic Press in America.

Ecclesiastical authorities in New York City disclaimed officially any connection with biased propaganda against Mayor La Guardia before his recent re-election as mayor. Pamphlets had been printed and were being distributed near Catholic Churches under the heading "Catholics, Your Duty!" and asserting that La Guardia was a Communist and urging the election of his opponent. Msgr. Robert F. Keegan, secretary for charities to Patrick Cardinal Hayes, wrote to Mayor La Guardia for Cardinal Hayes, assuring him that Catholic authorities had tried to stop the vicious propaganda, and were remaining absolutely neutral in the campaign.

The Most Rev. Duane G. Hunt, recently consecrated bishop of Salt Lake City, is the 12th convert to be raised to the episcopacy in the United States. Six of these were converted Protestant Episcopalians, two had been Lutherans, one a Unitarian, one a Congregationalist, one a Presbyterian, and one a Methodist.

The United States Congress has before it during its special session a bill providing for a national referendum on war. "The people," says Richard Deverall, editor

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of the *Christian Front*, in a special letter to every member of Congress, "who fight wars are not the people who stay in Washington. The people of the nation fight; they are the ones who go to the trenches to be blown to bits by enemy shells. . . . If the American people are to be exploited as cannon fodder, they should at least be consulted about it. A national referendum on war should be part of the Constitution."

Places:

In *Russia*, the anti-God forces are driving a huge campaign for new members of the atheist party. Among the publicity and educational means being used in this drive are two contests for large prizes. One of them offers a prize of 25,000 rubles for the best atheistic-revolutionary song, which must be translatable into every language and simple enough for children to learn. Second and third prizes will be 15,000 and 10,000 rubles. The other contest offers a prize of 100,000 rubles for a new bible of the Russian Soviet atheistic movement. The bible must be impregnated with Marxist, Communistic principle, and must be destructive of all Christian concepts and all other spiritual doctrines. A first issue of 12,000,000 copies is projected in several languages, to be introduced into schools throughout the world.

In *England*, where the British Broadcasting Co. is virtually a government department with exclusive right to the air, Catholics are complaining of being boycotted off the air. "Among the many religious broadcasts," says Wilfred Rooke Ley, Catholic Herald correspondent, "there is only one that is Catholic. There are no Catholic speakers. In a new series of talks entitled 'An Outline of Church History' only one book by a Catholic is recommended, and there are no Catholic speakers."

On *King Island*, in the Bering Sea off Alaska, all of whose inhabitants have been converted to the Catholic faith during the 35 years of missionary work of the Rev. Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J., a statue of Christ the King was placed on an eminence 800 feet above the sea overlooking the island. Father Bernard Hubbard, the "glacier-priest" superintended the erection of the huge bronze figure. All the islanders took part in the work or in the dedication ceremonies and the name of the island was changed to "Christ the King Island."

In *Germany*, the Nazi secret police have seized 80,000 copies of the Pope's Encyclical on Atheistic Communism, intended for distribution over the country, and have destroyed them.

In the *United States*, Catholic hospitals received an exceptionally high rating in the 1937 report of the American College of surgeons. While 36 per cent of general hospitals in the United States and Canada were given approval, over 64 per cent of Catholic hospitals were approved in the report.

In *Belfast, Ireland*, united Catholic action has brought about the closing of five bookstores, which after repeated warning and prohibitions from the City Council, continued to sell immoral books, magazines and pamphlets.

In *New Orleans, Louisiana*, the play "Tobacco Road," which has been condemned repeatedly as obscene and blasphemous, was prevented from fulfilling a scheduled contract by the action of Msgr. Wynhoven, Pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes Church and editor of *Catholic Action of the South*. Msgr. Wynhoven insisted on a conference with the mayor of the city and representatives of the play, and as a result the mayor instructed the Commissioner of Safety to refuse the police permit for the show.

L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

The astronomy professor had shown his fair young visitor all through the observatory and explained the work in minute detail.

"I can understand how a new star might be discovered," she remarked sweetly, "but how do you clever people ever find out its name?"

*

Lady Driver (after crash): I gave the proper sign for the direction in which I was turning.

Male Ditto: I know it, that's what fooled me.

*

The young lady walked boldly up to a woman whom she took to be the matron of the hospital.

"May I see Lt. Barker, please?" she asked.

"May I ask who you are?"

"Certainly, I'm his sister."

"Well, well. I'm glad to meet you. I'm his mother."

*

It was 2 o'clock in the morning, and the doctor wearily put away his instruments. He spoke dolefully:

"Madam, I would advise you to send at once for a clergyman, and if you want to make your will, for your lawyer!"

"Heavens!" groaned the patient. "Am I as far gone as that?"

"No, madam, far from it. But it doesn't seem reasonable to me that I should be the only one to be dragged out of bed at this hour of the morning for nothing."

*

A tourist traveling through the Texas Panhandle got into conversation with an old settler and his son at a filling station.

"Looks as though we might have rain," said the tourist.

"Well, I hope so," replied the native, "not so much for myself as for my boy here. I've seen it rain."

*

The meek little man came up to the policeman on the street corner.

"Excuse me, constable," he said, "but I've been waiting here for my wife for over half an hour. Would you be kind enough to order me to move on?"

The newly married fireman was explaining to the old smoke eater at the house, his experiences as a married man.

"My wife likes tea for breakfast, while I like coffee."

In quite a knowing way, the old fellow advised, "You'll soon get used to tea."

*

Ernie: A Chinaman goes into a dentist's office . . . what time is it?

Val: All right . . . what time is it?

Ernie: Tooth-hurty!

*

"Lady," said the policeman, who had motioned her to stop, "how long do you expect to be out?"

"What do you mean by that question?" she demanded indignantly.

"Well," he replied sarcastically, "there are a couple of thousand other motorists who would like to use this street after you get through with it."

*

MacDonald—Will ye not have a cigarette?

MacFarland—Thank ye, no. I never smoke wi' gloves on. I canna stand the smell of burning leather.

*

There was an accident and many people gathered about the wrecked car, when some one drove up and cried to the man that was lying beneath, "Say, Jim, did you have an accident?"

"Naw," came from beneath the car, "the kids have always wanted to see the works, so I turned the darned thing over for them."

*

Doctor: "Look here, don't you know my consulting hours are from 6 to 7 P.M."

Patient: "Yes, but the dog that bit me didn't."

*

Jimmy—After all, fools help to make life interesting. When all the fools are bumped off, I don't want to be here.

Gracie—Don't worry, you won't.

*

"My father used to be a baseball pitcher."

"How is his throwing arm?"

"Oh, don't worry about his arm. He uses his foot now."

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Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

Reviewed This Month

Blossoms on Broadway
Dinner at the Ritz
Hollywood Round-Up
Navy, Blue and Gold
Thrill of a Lifetime
Damsel in Distress

Previously Reviewed

Adventure's End
Adventurous Blonde, The
African Holiday
All Over Town
Annapolis Salute
Anything for a Thrill
Atlantic Flight
Barrier, The
Behind the Headlines
Big Business
Big Shot, The
Blazing Barriers
Boothill Brigade
Boots and Saddles
Boots of Destiny
Born Reckless
Boss of Lonely Valley
Broadway Melodies of 1938
Borrowing Trouble
Breakfast For Two
Breezing Home
Bride For Henry, A
Brothers of the West
Bulldog Drummond's Revenge
Bulldog Edition
Californian, The
Captain Courageous
Charlie Chan on Broadway
China Express
Clipped Wings
Conflict
Criminals of the Air
Dance, Charlie, Dance
Dangerous Adventure
Dangerously Yours
Devil's Saddle Legion, The
Doomed at Sun Down
Emperor's Candlesticks, The
Empty Holsters
Ever Since Eve
Escape by Night
Fend of the Trail
Firefly, The
First Lady
Fit For a King
Flying Fists
Forlorn River
Four Days' Wonder
Frame Up, The
Galloping Dynamite
Go-Getter, The
Gold Racket, The
The Glory Trail
Great Garrick, The
Great Guy
Hats Off
Heart of the Rockies
Hearts Desire

Heidi
Hideaway
Hideout in the Alps
High Wide and Handsome
Hold 'Em, Navy
Hollywood Cowboy
Hoosier Schoolboy, The
Hopalong Rides Again
Hot Water
House of Secrets
I Cover the War
It happened Out West
It's All Yours
It's Love I'm After
Jubilee
King's People, The
King Solomon's Mines
Lady Fights Back, The
Lancer Spy
Laughing at Trouble
Law for Tombstone
Law Man is Born, A
Legion of Missing Men
Life Begins in College
Life Begins With Love
Life of Emilie Zola, The
Life of the Party, The
London by Night
Lost Horizon
Love Is On the Air
Love on Toast
Love Under Fire
Luck of Roaring Camp
Mad Holiday
Make a Wish
Make Way for a Lady
Man Who Cried Wolf, The
Man in Blue, The
Melody for Two
New Faces
Michael O'Halloran
Mind Your Own Business
Mountain Music
Mr. Dodd Takes the Air
Murder With Pictures
Music for Madame
My Dear Miss Aldrich
Mysterious Crossing
Mystery Range
Night of Mystery, A
Non Stop New York
North of the Rio Grande
On Again—Off Again
100 Men and a Girl
On Such a Night
Orphan Boy of Vienna
Over the Goal
Outer Gate, The
Outlaws of the Orient
Paradise Isle
Perfect Specimen, The
Prisoner of Zenda
Prison Shadows
Racing Lady
Range Defenders
Rangers Step In, The

Raw Timber
Reported Missing
Riders of the Dawn
Riders of the Rockies
Roaring Guns
Roll Along Cowboy
Rose Bowl
Rustler's Valley
Sandflow
Saturday's Heroes
Sea Racketeers
Shadow Strikes, The
She Asked for It
She Loved a Fireman
Shiek Steps Out
Sing and Be Happy
Singing Marine, The
A Son Comes Home
Song of the City
Small Town Boy, The
Something to Sing About
Sophie Lang Goes West
Speed to Spare
Submarine D-1
Super Sleuth
Stand In
Stormy Trails
Sudden Bill Dorn
Sweetheart of the Navy
Tattler, The
Texas Ranger
Texas Trail
Thanks for Listening
That's My Story
The Traitor
Thin Ice
Thirteenth Man
This Way, Please
Thunder Trail
Thunder in the City
Tough to Handle
Trailing Trouble
Trapped by G-Men
Trigger Trio
Trouble in Texas
Two of Us, The
Under Your Spell
Valley of Terror
Varsity Show
Victoria the Great
Wake Up and Live
Wallaby Jim of the Island
Way Out West
Wedding Present
West Bond Limited
West Bound Limited
Western Gold
Where There's a Will
Wild and Woolly
Wildcatters, The
Windjammer
Wings Over Honolulu
Wrong Road
Young Dynamite
Youth on Parole

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